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A LEAF.

Fare-thee-well in the crowd last eve
That you were married, or soon to be,
I have not thought of you, I believe,
Since last we parted; let me see—
Four long summers have passed since then—
Each has been pleasant in its own way;
I wot you were but one of a dozen men
Who have played the suitor a summer day.

But nevertheless when I heard your name
Coupled with some one's not my own,
There hummed in my bosom a sudden flame
That carried me back to the dear days flown.
I was sitting again by the laughing brook,
With you at my feet, and the sky above,
And my heart was fluttering under your look—
The timidest sake look of love.

Again your breath like a south wind fanned
My cheek where the blushes came and went,
And the tender clasp of your strong, warm hand
Said more than any being said.
Again you were mine—by love's own right—
Mine for ever by love's decree;
So for a moment it seemed last night
When suddenly mentioned your name to me.

Just for a moment I thought you mine,
Loving me, wooing me as of old.
Ah—does the link of a love divine
Lessen, ever rust, ever fold?
Love it is that the heart goes free—
Free as the birds in airy flight—
There were the thoughts that came to me
When somebody mentioned your name last night.

FETTERED, Yet Free.

By the Author of "Hands and Hearts," "Adelle's Error," Etc.

CHAPTER V.

Geoffrey Chetwynd was not the man to succumb easily to the fascination that the lovely widow exercised over him; and on the morning after his interview with her outside the cottage, though he had continued to stroll on the sands in search of her was very strong, he resisted it, and after writing several letters, ordered a horse that he was in the habit of hiring from a neighboring farmer, and started for a long ride, not even allowing himself to pass the cottage, for fear that a glance from the wonderful gray eyes might upset his plans and totally change his intention. A ride of ten miles brought him to the old cathedral town that was the only place of importance in the neighborhood, and there he put up his horse, and, after a simple luncheon at the Red Lion, amused himself as best he could, first by going into the cathedral to hear the anthem, and then strolling about the narrow streets of the town, where he bought first a beautiful little ship for little Cecil Elton, and then, after much hesitation, two or three of his own favorite modern songs.

"I will not offer them to her," he said to himself; "but surely she will not object to sing them to me when I know her a little better. And, if I go back to town without knowing her better, I will leave them at her house on the last day without letting her know my address, and then she cannot return them."

It was six o'clock when he re-entered his lodgings, and the first thing that met his eyes was Lady's Temple's card. He took it up, and read the words written on it in pencil:

"So sorry not to find you at home. Do come and dine with us this evening at 7.30."

"Shall I?" he asked himself aloud, glancing at his watch. "There is just time. Yes, I had better. 'Man was formed not to live alone,' and it won't do to go wandering up to the cottage every evening."

Just then Mrs. Williams entered the room, and, with a deference in her tone beyond anything he had yet heard from the good woman, asked him if he would "please to want any dinner."

"No, thank you, Mrs. Williams," he answered, in an abstracted tone; "I am going to dine at the Abbey. At what time did Lady Temple call?"

"About four o'clock, sir; and her ladyship seemed quite vexed like to find you out. She asked if you was likely to be on the sands, and I told her as you had been out riding since eleven o'clock. Her ladyship is a very sweet lady, and always speaks so gracious like; but there was a young lady with her—a dark, haughty-looking young creature—and she stared at me and at the house, and said, 'How can he have lived in such a place all these weeks? How bad for him! Tell him to come and dine at the Abbey to-night.' So lady Temple one just wrote that on a card and handed it to me."

A cloud passed over Geoffrey's pleasant face. He was annoyed at Eva Dayrell's bad taste in hurling the feelings of his old friend into such a speech, and annoyed to find that it was she in reality who had asked him to dine at the Abbey.

"I won't go," he thought—"yes, I will, though, and show her as plainly as I can that I have no feeling for her beyond the merest friendship. Not that I believe Tom is right for a moment, but it is better to be careful, and I should be sorry to mislead any girl."

Mrs. Williams still lingered, dusting a chair with her apron, and putting the few books on the table gratefully tidy.

"You know the ladyship, sir, and Sir Envy?" she asked at last, as Geoffrey still stood silent.

"Know them? Oh, yes—have known them well for years! Will you bring me some hot water, please? I must shave again, I'm afraid."

"Yes, sir, certingly," and the stout lady hurried off with a celerity acquired from Geoffrey's own manner of speaking of such "grand folk." The Prince of Wales was very little, if at all, superior in the minds of these worthy people to Sir Henry Temple, whose family had for centuries owned almost the country round.

It was but little time ere even when Geoffrey entered the drawing-room at Newland Abbey. Eva Dayrell, looking her best, as all blooming brunettes do, in a white muslin dress, was alone in the room, and glanced up with sparkling eyes as his name was announced.

"I am glad you are come," she said, extending her hand. "I was horrified when I saw your pasky little abode—enough to drive a man into any folly, or send him melancholy mad." She drew aside her dress as she spoke to make room for him on the sofa, but he remained standing.

"I don't mean to will do either for me," he answered carelessly. "I am very happy there, though I feel inclined to push the ceiling up now and then; but one can't expect luxury at such a secluded spot as Sandbeach."

"Of course not," she answered, flapping the leaves of the book she held between her fingers and thumb, and speaking quickly. "I suppose you are just going back to town now—otherwise you had better come and stay here. I am sure that the Temples would be delighted to have you."

"I have not thought much about it," he said, strolling toward the window. "I came down here not to think, and I like to drift on from day to day. When I do go, probably I shall be off without half an hour's preparation. I like to act on the spur of the moment."

She looked up at him as he stood erect in the fading light, his tall, well-made figure standing out black against the yellow sky, and did not answer. A change had come over him. The warm manner, the bright glance straight into her eyes, the ringing tones were gone. He spoke carelessly, almost reluctantly. What did it all mean?

"Have you seen the pretty incognita to-day?" she asked, suddenly.

"No. Why do you ask?" he said, wheeling round and facing her, so that he could see her face distinctly whilst his was in the dark.

"Oh, I don't know! I wanted to see her myself to judge of her extraordinary beauty—ness, but she was not to be found. We drove very slowly past her cottage but in vain."

"Prettiness does not apply to her face in the least. She is beautiful—quite beautiful—but not pretty."

"Indeed! I like pretty women myself. I suppose she has large features, and is on a big scale altogether—high nose, et-cetera, et-cetera."

"No, she is not big at all," he answered, slowly, "though taller by half a head than you are. And, as for features, it is just the want of her face too well for me to be able to say what it is. It is not high, though—I am sure of that."

"Well, I shall see her to-morrow, for I am going to church on purpose. I feel quite an interest in the mysterious female. Where have you been to-day?"

Before he could answer, the door opened and several of the others entered. He was glad to end the conversation, for something in her tone irritated him excessively, and he began to wonder how he could ever have liked her. Dinner was unusually long; and he was astonished when he found that it was only striking nine when they joined the ladies once more. Sir Henry was an abstemious man, and would have left the table when the ladies did so, had it not been contrary to the rules of society. Eva Dayrell was singing when they entered the room, and Geoffrey and Captain Lee stood behind her till the song was ended.

"Thank you, Miss Dayrell, that's the prettiest song going, and you sing it to perfection!" exclaimed Captain Lee; but Geoffrey said nothing.

He was wondering whether Mrs. Elton was singing the sweet old ballads, and he was longing to hear them. Her voice was so much sweeter than Eva's, or, at any rate, he thought so now. Suddenly she turned to him.

"Well, Mr. Chetwynd, have you nothing to say?" she asked, her bright, dark eyes flashing on him. "You gave me the song, and I was singing it chiefly for your edification; but apparently, I might have spared myself the trouble."

"I beg your pardon, Miss Dayrell," he answered, taking up the song. "I am very much obliged to you, really, but I am tired and stupid to-night—I must go home early."

"You had better stay and sleep here, then," she said, quickly; but he shook his head.

"No, thank you. A walk through the cool night air will refresh me."

"Yes, it is a lovely night. Some of us might walk part of the way back with him—shall we, Captain Lee, if Lady Temple will come?"

"Delightful, I think?" returned Tom, his face beaming at being appealed to by his idol, and hoping he might get her to himself part of the way.

Geoffrey turned away in silence. He would have preferred a solitary walk, and was chagrined at a secret hope that Mrs. Elton might be in her garden, but he could say nothing in opposition, especially as he saw Captain Lee's delight, and the whole party started to walk with him. He tried to avoid walking with Eva, but here was not a matter to be balked in a wish, and it seemed too good an opportunity of regaining her old influence over him to be lost. In spite of his efforts to avoid it, he found himself walking behind with her; and then, when the rest of the party were out of hearing, she put her hand on his arm, and, looking up into his face, exclaimed:

"Tell me what is the matter, Mr. Chetwynd. How have I offended you?" She looked very handsome in the moonlight, a scarlet shawl thrown carelessly over her white dress and her dark hair uncovered.

Geoffrey recalled his pleasant smile as he looked down at her.

"Indeed, Miss Dayrell, you have not offended me in any way," he answered. "I must be getting very boorish, for you to have adopted such a notion; but my manners have got rusty during my seclusion. I hope we shall always be good friends."

There was the slightest possible emphasis on the last word, or Eva fancied there was, and she suddenly drew back her hand.

"I do not think it can be good for you to lead such an utterly solitary life as you have been leading," she said. "Why will you not come to Newland Abbey?"

"Because I would rather be where I am. I came here for quietness and rest, and to have that I must be at Sandbeach and not at Newland Abbey!"

"The truth, but not the whole truth," was her cold comment. "Unless I am much mistaken, Mr. Chetwynd, the day will come when you will regret not having taken the advice of a friend; but I see it is useless to say any more. Adelaide, don't you think we ought to turn back? You will overtire yourself."

Lady Temple stopped, and they all wished Geoffrey good night, Eva barely touching his proffered hand. He was not sorry that they had left him before he reached the cottage, but he felt puzzled and annoyed by Miss Dayrell's manner. Was Tom Lee right, and was she jealous of his ill-concealed admiration of the lovely stranger? He was too utterly free from vanity to credit such a thing, so he set it down to real friendliness and anxiety about him. Yet why should she take it for granted that I would be such a terrible disaster if he were fall in love with Mrs. Elton? Why shot women always fancy there was something wrong where there was any mystery. But he knew, as he said the words, that the world, and not women only, held this opinion; and it was generally right. There was no singing on this night in the cottage; and, though he lingered for some minutes before the garden, he saw nothing of its owner.

"It is better so perhaps," he muttered, as he walked on; "I am just in the mood to make a donkey of myself irretrievably if I meet those grave, sweet eyes. I wonder what her Christian name is? I'll ask Cecil when I next get him alone. I hope it is a pretty one."

CHAPTER VI.

The little bell had not stopped its tinkling summons on the following morning when Geoffrey took his usual seat in Mrs. Williams' pew; but Mrs. Elton was in her place before him, and Cecil's golden head popped up to not to his new friend in spite of his mother's detaining hand. Her eyes were never once turned toward him, and, as she sat in the church at right angles with him, Geoffrey's thoughts were a good deal distracted by watching the perfect profile, the long, black lashes, and the pale red and delicately tinted cheek. She looked lovelier than ever in her white dress and bonnet, the faint pink roses matching the pure, clear skin, and Geoffrey felt that again and again, "how well I were as an artist! What a perfect study she would make for a Madonna!" There was almost triumph in his glance as he met Eva Dayrell's when she held up her book and smiled so faultless beauty, to which it was an insult to apply the word "pretty!"

Poor Eva's heart was sick and heavy through that long morning service. She saw, though he was unconscious of her watching, how Geoffrey's eyes sought that exquisite young face again and again with a look in them she had never seen there before. She was quite ignorant of the fact that he had spoken to Mrs. Elton but three times in his life; but, had she known it, it would not have brought much comfort to her, for a man can hide from a woman that loves him his infatuation for another; and that Geoffrey was utterly infatuated by this mysterious stranger was evident to Eva's eyes, though others, watching him less closely, failed to perceive it. He did not join Mrs. Elton at the end of the service; and unwilling to follow her too closely, he let the Abbey party get between them. As he reached the porch, however, he heard Cecil exclaim, "Mamma, here comes Mr. Geoffrey! Oh, do wait for him!" but he made no effort to catch them. Eva heard the words, and her heart sank at the child's knowledge of Mr. Chetwynd's Christian name. Did the widow call him by it already? Then they must be engaged, or she was no fit person for Lady Temple to visit.

"Don't let us keep you from your friends," she said, bitterly, as Geoffrey shook hands with her. "You must be very intimate to have already got to Christian names."

He looked at her in grave surprise, and again a suspicion that Tom Lee had hit the truth flitted across his mind as he saw her flushed cheeks and the angry glitter in her eyes.

"Cecil and I are great friends," he answered quietly; and then he turned away to speak to Lady Temple, who was already in her carriage, whilst Eva, angry with herself, him, and most of all Mrs. Elton, vended all her ill humor on poor Tom, till she had reduced him to the lowest depths of despair.

As the carriage drove off Geoffrey looked round in search of the Eltons, but they had disappeared, and he slowly wended his way to his little lodgings. A horrible notion was weighing on his mind that if Tom was right, and he had unconsciously misled Eva Dayrell and won her affections, he was bound in honor to marry her. If he had not, why was she so angry and bitter about this unoffending stranger? Geoffrey shuddered. Handsome, rich, well-born, and accomplished as you look brave enough to conquer troubles, but men seem generally to hold their own fate in their power. Women have to sit still and take what is given them."

"All—not more often than not a man's life is spoiled by a woman," he said, quickly. "Women have as much or more power in this world, in spite of the foolish outcry about women's rights. Perhaps they have the power they hold for good or evil over men."

"Perhaps. We view life from our own stand point. There is more equality in most things than there seems to be, I suppose; but it is hard to understand how bright some lives are apparently, with others spoilt, hopelessly spoilt, at the very beginning"—and her voice shook as the last words escaped her.

"Or ruining it, for a time," said Geoffrey, gently. "We are so apt to think every passing cloud is going to cast its shadow over our whole lives; and yet when the sun shines again, we can hardly remember how dark the shadow was. May it not be so in your case."

She shook her head her face more grave than sad, and glanced at Cecil who had wandered off, tired of a conversation he could not understand.

"He is my sunshine, and all I shall ever have in this world," she answered; and something in her tone made Geoffrey unwillingly desist from pursuing the subject. Silent he lay, playing with a large black ant that was crawling along his coat, and Mrs. Elton watching him.

"Are you married, Mr. Chetwynd?" she suddenly asked, and he started at the abrupt question.

"Married? No, of course not. How could you doubt? Do I look like a married man?"

"No, not at all," she answered, shaking her head; "but I was not sure."

"Well, in the first place," he remarked, "I should not be here alone for three weeks if I had an owner. Husbands are not allowed to stray about in this free manner—they are kept too well in hand as a rule."

"Sir Henry Temple sometimes goes away for weeks without his wife," she said, quickly.

"Ah, on business perhaps! But he has such a sweet wife that he is sorry enough to go. Lady Temple is a woman in a thousand."

"Perhaps Sir Henry is such a good husband that she is really sorry to lose him. There may be exceptionally good husbands as well as exceptionally good wives."

Geoffrey laughed at the quick retort, but a light in her eyes and the deepened color on her cheeks made him think once more.

"Unless I am very much mistaken, her husband was a brute."

"Ah, well," he said, lightly, "you are more competent to judge of the lights and shadows of matrimony than I am! When I do venture into the unknown territory, may I have as gentle and loving a wife as Temple has!"

"She looks sweet and nice," returned Mrs. Elton, readily. "I watched her in church this morning, and thought how much I liked her face.

"Then why won't you make a friend of her?" asked Geoffrey, quickly. "She would be glad to know more of you."

Mrs. Elton shook her head, and the habitual grave look returned.

"I do not wish to make any friends," she told him. "I prefer my quiet life with my boy."

Then taking out her watch, she rose and called Cecil, and Geoffrey, rising too, walked home with them, chatting pleasantly, and carrying Cecil on his shoulder the greater part of the way. Mrs. Elton did not ask him in when she reached her gate, but he was not to be balked.

"Mrs. Elton," he said, with his brightest smile, "in spite of your snubbings I bought several of my favorite songs yesterday in hope that you would sing a few words to me. May I bring them up to-morrow for you to try over?"

With a deepening color she shook her head. "I should like it very much," she said, "but it would not do. Aunt Wendy would explain."

"Bother Mrs. Grundy!" exclaimed Geoffrey. "Who cares what people say?"

But she shook her head again with a smile that said Geoffrey away in a very advanced stage of infatuation.

CHAPTER VII.

"Well, it's no use bothering myself one way or another now. Sing away until I do so good, so I may as well stay until I can summon courage to put my fate to the touch, and win or lose it all. Good Heavens! A little while back how I should have laughed at the idea of any man falling hopelessly, irretrievably in love in a fortnight! But it's a solemn fact. That's your own case to a 'T,' Mr. Geoffrey Chetwynd."

And with a nerve that threatened the life of his favorite meerschaum, Mr. Geoffrey Chetwynd knocked the ashes out on the heel of his boot.

Placing the said meerschaum on the mantelpiece, he glanced at himself in the little mirror above, and even the greenness of its glass could not disguise the healthy brown that pervaded his good-looking visage.

"And to think of the poor old governor writing to beg I would stay quite as long as my shattered health needed," he went on laughingly. "What a humbug I feel! Ah, Sibyl, Sibyl! My lovely, solemn little prophetess, you have a great deal to answer for. How she would open those great, blue eyes of hers if I were to say to her, as I believe she has a notion of the havoc she is making of me, but I have fancied lately that her sweet face has brightened as I approached her and I have thought I saw a welcome in her eyes that she forgot to veil; but that tiresome Eva Dayrell kept me back. Hollo, who comes here with stately tread? Mrs. Hughes, by the pipers! What do she want?"

Putting on his hat, he strolled carelessly out to the door just as the grim faced Hebe of the cottage opposited it. Geoffrey knew well enough that the woman disliked him, and the knowledge gave him a mischievous pleasure in teasing her. Sometimes she brought Cecil to him to dine or drink tea, or opened the door when he accompanied Mrs. Elton home; but, as he was still rigorously excluded from the cottage, their acquaintance was but slight.

"Well, Mrs. Hughes, have you brought me a message from master Cecil," he asked, smiling, "or come for a very early call on Mrs. Williams?"

He was quite aware of the deadly hatred that existed between the two women, and used it as a weapon to goad each in turn.

"I have come to see you, sir, if you please," she answered, in a voice that was as harsh as a grating saw. "Master Cecil is not here, and I'm not going to worry mamma, who is so unhappy about you, and I'll come to you as often as I can. But remember, grown up men have lots of letters to write, and I must go and see my friends at Newland Abbey sometimes, so I can't be always here, and you must think to yourself when I don't come, He's got something else he can do, and I'll be happy when I'm sure I'm wanting here,' and be patient. This afternoon I will ride over to Stilborough and get you the prettiest fairy story I can find, and your mother will read it to you if you are good and try to go to sleep. Will that do?"

"Yes, thank you a lot—you are a kind man, and the fussy eyes brightened as they looked up into the face bending tenderly over them.

Geoffrey stooped and kissed the little white face, and then rose to go. Mrs. Elton followed him to the door of the room and held out her hand.

"I do not know how to thank you," she said, in a quivering voice, her eyes swimming with tears.

"Don't try. Can't you understand what a pleasure it is to me?" he said, in a low tone. I have "May I bring the book this evening. You surely will not let conventionalists stand between your child and his wishes at such a time?"

"I will see," she answered, hurriedly. "Tell me what people say of me think to-day. Bring the book and come and see him as often as you will." She turned back to return to her child's bedside, and Geoffrey went away, thankful that he had been able to resist the temptation to take her in his arms and tell her how he loved her as she stood there looking so lovely in her sadness.

"It is an ill wind that blows nobody good," he thought, as he walked homeward. "I could hardly have had a better opportunity of winning her love than this. There's a divinity that shapes our ends, as Master Hamlet observes. Now to see whether farmer Jones will lend his mare. To think that I should live to see that sweet face every day now for a week or two to come! Four little days! I could find it in my heart to rejoice at his trouble, though I hate to see the poor little fellow's sufferings."

A little later Geoffrey was inclined to think that this fair child's cot had been planned and arranged by a very evil angel rather than a divinity, and he declined very much the carving and slicing that he applauded so highly now.

CHAPTER VIII.

Sibby Elton was sitting in a low chair in the verandah, just outside the drawing-room window, when Geoffrey entered the garden that evening; she looked up with a slightly heightened color as the gate clicked. Her calm composure was gone now; she was conscious of a certain shyness at his approach; and a reluctance to meet the straight look of his eyes; but she attributed it to the strangeness of their position, and the knowledge that she was doing what the world would consider incorrect in allowing this good-looking young bachelor to visit her, living alone and unchaperoned as she was.

"I cannot help it—it will not last long," she argued to herself—"and Cecil must not feel himself ill. He will be going back to London soon, and we shall never meet again. How Cecil will miss him! How very kind he is!"—and she ended with a sigh of which she was unconscious.

Geoffrey came forward with a smile.

"I am so glad to find you down here," he said, seating himself on the low window sill by her side. "You must not steal yourself up but much with him and injure your health."

"He is asleep now, so Mrs. Hughes does as well as myself," she answered; "and my head ached so, I longed for a breath of fresh air. How deliciously cool it is now!"

"It has been a trying day for you," he said, glancing at her pale face and heavy eyes. "You are terribly fond of that child, but I suppose it is only natural."

"He is all I have in the world—the one bright spot of my life," she answered, almost in a whisper. "When I thought he was killed this morning I felt as though I must go mad. But Heaven was too merciful to take him."

"It is folly to talk like that at your age" exclaimed Geoffrey, impatiently, jealous alike of her love for the living child and dead husband. "You cannot be more than four or five and twenty, and you talk as if your whole life were over, your part played out. There is more happiness before you than behind, I trust."

She shook her head, her face resuming its usual look of gravity and weariness.

"Impossible. You do not understand. But I do not care to talk of myself. I am content to go on as I have been. Did you ride into Stilborough to-day? Cecil has talked so much about the book."

"Here it is. I do not think anything can beat Andersen;" and he unfolded a gorgeous scarlet and gold volume and laid it in her hands, pleased with the gratification he read in her face.

"How good of you! You are too kind to him. I fear he will fret terribly when you go back to London. Are you going soon?"

He looked into her eyes for a moment, and then out to sea, where the moon was making a glittering dancing path across the waves.

"I cannot tell—he said in a slightly unsteady voice—that will depend on others more than myself."

She was silent for some moments, watching his face; then, as he turned and looked at her once more, she said hesitatingly:

"I think I know. I suppose I ought to wish you success, Mr. Chetwynd, but I do not."

"What do you mean?" he asked, quickly. And she went on hurriedly:

"I beg your pardon. I had no right to say it, she may be all that is nice and she is very handsome."

She stopped abruptly.

"Please go on and finish, beginning to catch her meaning, and her voice was so quiet that she could not tell.

"You know what I thought—that it is are you going to ask that dark handsome girl, with Lady Temple to be your wife."

He looked at her strangely for a minute—and angrier words sprang to and then said, shortly:

"You know I am not—you are not so blind as all that."

"I do not know," she answered in sometimes, she answered gently. "But do not be angry, please. I did not mean to annoy you."

"I do not think you could annoy me if you tried," he said, gently, breaking with the strength of his feelings and every barrier giving way before them. "Sibyl, my darling, do you not know how dearly I love you? You must know, for there is no woman in the world for me but you. Tell me, darling, that there is some hope for me that I may try to make your life as happy as I think it has ever been with Cecil and me."

He took her hand as he spoke, but kneeling was not his custom, nor answered her fears. But she pushed him back with a gesture of horror and despair.

"Do not touch me—do not speak to me," she cried, wildly. "I am married still—my husband is not dead—"

"Not dead!" he echoed, almost staggered back.

"No. He was not drowned, and then saved and picked up by a passing vessel, and at the glitter—I mean by accident, and was rescued by a vessel bound for one of the islands, and was a student there and has become a missionary."

Sibyl rose and stood looking coldly on his astonished face.

"Do not look at me like that. You forgive me. I have deceived you—I am a wicked woman, but I was driven to it by fear of you. I never dreamed that he had been able to resist the temptation to take her in his arms and tell her how he loved her as she stood there looking so lovely in her sadness.

"It is an ill wind that blows nobody good," he thought, as he walked homeward. "I could hardly have had a better opportunity of winning her love than this. There's a divinity that shapes our ends, as Master Hamlet observes. Now to see whether farmer Jones will lend his mare. To think that I should live to see that sweet face every day now for a week or two to come! Four little days! I could find it in my heart to rejoice at his trouble, though I hate to see the poor little fellow's sufferings."

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CHAPTER VIII.

Sibby Elton was sitting in a low chair in the verandah, just outside the drawing-room window, when Geoffrey entered the garden that evening; she looked up with a slightly height-

the pillar of the veranda and watched her till he could bear it no longer.

"Don't—I can't bear it. Wait till I am gone," he said huskily; and she looked up startled.

"Must you go away? Oh, my poor little Cecil, what will he do?"

"I will stay if you wish it," he answered, quickly. "I will never remind you by word or deed of my love, and going away from you will not alter it. No, I will not go."

"I cannot think to-night," she answered; my brain is so confused. I will think it over, and you must come and see Cecil to-morrow. You must decide; you know better than I do what is best and right to do. But go now; I want to get calm before he wakes."

"Well, I will go. Good night. Heaven bless you!"

He did not trust himself to take her hand even scarcely to look at her, but, with a quick, firm step, and no backward glance, went away through the moonlight and shadows away, but not home—not back to the rooms that irresistibly recalled thoughts of her. He felt as if he should be stifled within their narrow walls—as if the ceiling would come down and press upon his very brain.

Through all his life Geoffrey Chetwynd could never look back on that night without a shudder. Hour after hour he paced along the sands in the bright light of the harvest moon, till the advancing tide drove him up on to the shingle, and then he mounted to the cliff and paced along the narrow beaten track made by the coastguards.

Sibyl a wife and not a widow—his love for her a sin, and utter hopeless! His first impulse was to go as soon as day broke—whither he did not know or care—only as far away from Sandbeach as he could get—where nothing could remind him of her, and her name never by any chance reach his ears. But even in his misery, his thoughts turned to others, and he thought of his father and sister left alone, of little Cecil asking in vain for him, and perhaps fretting himself into a fever in his pain and weakness, and Sibyl thinking him heartless and unkind to leave her. Perhaps she might need his help—she was so friendless and alone—and her husband must be a brute for her to have left him.

No, let him fight it out—bear his torture manfully, and crush down his passionate love into a calm friendship, so as to be at hand in case she should ever need him. It would be the work of years, perhaps a lifetime. Just now it seemed to him that never till the snows of old age had silvered his hair and palsied his frame would his heart cease to beat faster at the sound of her voice, his blood cease to bound through his veins at the touch of her hand.

"But I need not let her know," he thought, bitterly. "Surely I am man enough to be able to control all outward signs of my love. If she can but learn to think that I have conquered my feelings—that I care for her only as a friend—she will let me be near her—she will appeal to me in her troubles, and give me all the love that any man will ever have. I must school myself to look calmly into her eyes, to hold her hand unpressed in mine, and to realize that for me life holds no passion—that I have tasted the exquisite kiss of love to-night for the first and the last time. And I can do it for her dear sake, Heaven helping me. But, oh Sibyl, Sibyl, would to Heaven I had never met you."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Grand Duke Nicholas as a Circassian Chief.

Military life at Bucharest admits of some diversions—at least so far as those high in power are concerned—else we should not hear from that city of so important a personage as the Grand Duke Nicholas disporting himself in the costume of a Circassian chief for the entertainment of his little servant-maid. Just what end the great man, who is said to be rather devoid of brains, has in view, or whom he intends to awe by such an imposing toilet, it is impossible for us to tell; but at present it is clear that he is trying to gauge the effect of his appearance by the impression it produces on the little attendant in front of him.

Bucharest is not St. Petersburg, but the chief city of Roumania is by no means a bad place of residence for members of a royal family exiled from their native capital by the necessities of war. The town is amply provided with promenades, parks, public gardens, theatres, and cafes. The Chaussee, the grand promenade, lies to the north, and is the beginning of a road leading to the Carpathian Mountains, which, though about eighty miles distant, may be distinctly seen therefrom. On pleasant days magnificent carriages or beautifully appointed sledges, according to the time of year, filled with well-dressed people may be seen coursing up and down, or remaining in long stationary lines beneath the trees with which the road is bordered. Driving is, indeed, the favorite amusement of the town's people, and of late many a gallant four-in-hand drag and light equipage, conducted by dashing officers in brilliant uniforms, lend a new animation to the scene.

The four bals masques that take place during the Carnival season afford much entertainment to the people of Bucharest. The ladies are the only ones disguised. They Frenchwomen, while the gentlemen appear in evening dress. The whole company is not fairly assembled until midnight, but from that hour to three o'clock in the morning the scene is of the best everywhere gayety. Flirtation and intrigue in the intervals of the dance is lavishly indulged in the rooms of the Roumanian ... handed round among the guests. ... is a species of ... made ... It is ... several that as many as fifty guests have sat down to the Grand Duke's table to which none had been previously invited. ... pretty severely the resources of most establishments, but it affords him and ... His cuisine is of the most recherche order, in fact, a combination of what is most excellent in those of all other countries. Here you have the very best of everything—a mingling of the Eastern and Western styles that is most piquant. He has lived over and over again in the best hotels in every corner of Europe, and his taste and experience are perfect. His stables are magnificent, and certainly contain some English thorough-breds. He has his own particular carriages and coachmen, and his wife has hers, quite distinct—a very convenient arrangement. It may be remarked, whereby much trouble and annoyance are avoided. For in this country woman ... fully in the fullest enjoyment of her rights and privileges, and, as is but natural, seems determined to make the most of them. She has her own horses and servants, her own suite of apartments, and is thorough mistress of herself all the livelong day. She may spend a fortune upon her toilet, indulge in any amount of flirtation, and if she grew weary of her long-suffering husband, she may avail herself of the privilege of divorce—nowhere more easily arranged than in Roumania—and wed whomsoever she pleases.

Getting Ahead of Tramps.

It requires a good deal of ingenious management to get ahead of tramps, but the Commissioners of Bucks county have been found equal to the emergency, in at least one particular. The Doylestown Intelligencer says that to prevent the wholesale destruction of clothing by the tramps in the Bucks county jail the Commissioners procured fifty new suits, made up on the by-color plan. The coats and pantaloons are gray on one side of the person and dark brown on the other, the division seam running up the middle of the garment, so that there can be no mistake in identifying the man who wears them. They are of heavy cotton stuff, lined inside, and the cost is a little more than three dollars per suit. Heretofore the tramps confined in prison as vagrants have been in the habit of tearing up their clothes just before their discharge, when the Sheriff would buy them a new outfit. The new suit they could sell as soon as they got out, drink up the proceeds, and beg other clothes to cover themselves. The idea is that when the vagrants see what kind of clothes will be furnished them they will be more careful of what they already have, for none will care to be seen outside wearing this new style of suit if it can be helped. Neither can they ... for such clothes after their discharge. It is believed a decided saving to the county can be effected in this way. The Chester county Prison Inspectors could act upon ... [illegible]

THE SCHOOL BOY'S LAMENT.

Teach, teach, teach,
On every day of the week,
And thrash, thrash, thrash,
From your head down to your feet.
Reading and spelling and writing,
Grammar and geography,
Till a poor boy's brains
Are full of pains,
And he's tired as tired can be.

Write, write, write,
The moment you're out of line,
And write, write, write,
Until it's half past nine;
Scratch and scribble and sew(?) off,
And blot and blur and smear
Till the teacher comes
And warms your thumbs
And makes you feel ever so queer.

Work, work, work,
Your examples until eleven,
And work, work, work,
Your examples at home till seven—
Pounds and ounces and drachms,
Drachms and ounces and pounds,
Till you get so mad
You are always glad
When the bell for recess sounds.

It is, oh! for a beautiful place,
Where never a school house is,
And it's oh! for a happy land
Where never a teacher lives;
Where tops, marbles and kites grow wild,
And a fellow can holler and shout,
And there's never a book,
But a cosy nook
For to fish and to swim about.

And it's oh! for the happy time
When I get to be a man,
And I can whistle and jump
And beat on an old tin pan;
When I can put crooked pins
Down on the next boy's seat;
And I can put ink on his face,
With never a fear to be beat;
Jump and whistle and prance,
And holler and yell and shout,
And never a one
To spoil the fun,
Nor to keep me from going out.

From Garret to Throne.

CHAPTER I.

OUT OF THE GARRET.

Very murky, indeed, looked Torrington Square through the thick, misty gloom of a January evening. There was the usual combination of thick, yellow fog, frost, and ankle deep mud, which makes an English Winter so thoroughly inspiring and invigorating.

It could not have been much more than half-past six o'clock, when a veiled figure issued from the door of one of the houses in the square above mentioned, and took its way towards Tottenham-court road. Into one of the dirtiest and dingiest of those streets which branch out from that great thoroughfare the veiled lady hastily turned with a nervous step.

The street was exceedingly poor and squalid—one of the most dilapidated of those in the vicinity of the Prince of Wales' Theatre.

At No. 9 in this street the visitor knocked, and was almost immediately admitted by a good-looking but dowdy young woman of certainly not more than three and twenty. Her slip-shod and poverty-stricken appearance was enough of itself to excite sympathy, but when to this was added the undeniable fact that the poor young woman was in an advanced stage of consumption, it must have been indeed a hard heart that could have failed to commiserate her.

The visitor was apparently expected, for after a few brief yet kind words to the invalid, the two ascended the dirty, slippery, carpetless staircase, and entered a small room.

Upon a small bed at the further end of the room lay a young man of about six or seven and twenty, apparently dying. Like his wife, he seemed to be suffering from consumption, but in the husband the fatal disease had reached a more advanced stage. On the patch-work coverlid of the bed, and close to the invalid's feet, nestled a pretty little girl of about three years old, fast asleep. The tiny thing held in her little clenched fist a cheap toy, with which she had doubtless been playing when slumber overtook her.

The visitor silently took one of the rush-bottomed chairs and sat down at the bedside of the invalid, mutely raising his hand to her lips. The young man stirred slightly and muttered feebly the word "Mother!" The poor young wife stood silently regarding the pair, her wan cheeks flushed by a hectic glow, and the tears glistening in her eyes.

The visitor threw back her veil, and disclosed her features. They were those of a woman of one or two and fifty. Her dark hair was already thickly streaked with lines of silver, and her calm, sweet, placid face wore a look of settled sorrow. There was a gentle, resigned look in her still beautiful brown eyes, inexpressibly touching to witness, which, in combination with the deep lines upon her brow, told its own pitiful tale.

Mrs. Bartenshaw, in fact, had led a troubled life. She had married a wealthy East India merchant, a harsh, stern, money-making man, not for any love she bore him, but in accordance with the desire of her parents, who, although gentlefolks, were in exceedingly straitened circumstances. The merchant's one creed was Mammon. This ill-matched couple had been blessed, or cursed, as the case might be, with but one child, Ralph, the young man who now lay dying. Mr. Bartenshaw's undue severity had produced its usual fruits. Young Ralph, being supplied with no congenial society at home, found evil companions abroad, and in common parlance, "kicked over the traces." He became extremely wild, or "fast," as it is termed, and finally filled up the measure of his iniquities, in his father's eyes, by marrying a ballet girl. In strict justice to young Mrs. Bartenshaw, however, it must be added that, though somewhat uneducated, she was a good and pure girl, and devoted to her husband and child.

For nearly six months past the sole means of sustenance of the unhappy pair had been furnished by Ralph Bartenshaw's mother. The young man was totally unable to make any sort of effort for his wife and child, being in almost the last stage of consumption. The wife, scarcely better, could barely manage to do the necessary house work.

Poor Mrs. Bartenshaw, senior, was unable to do any better for her son and his wife. Her stern husband—suspicious, probably, of the use to which she put her money—refused her any definite allowance, but doled out to her, for her immediate necessities, a guinea at a time. Nay, on his wife venturing to hint to him the deplorable state of their unfortunate son, he harshly bade her hold her tongue, and never "dare to mention the reprobate's name again, nor go to see him."

The mother's instinct in Mrs. Bartenshaw refused to obey; and Mr. Bartenshaw having occasion to be absent a month in Germany, she took occasion to pay a visit to her son and to her daughter-in-law.

The invalid was the first to break the silence.

"Mother," he said, and there was a look of eager anxiety in his poor sunken eyes, "does my father know of our—our dying state?"

"Yes."

"And he does not at all relent?"

"Alas, no, Ralph!" said Mrs. Bartenshaw, sorrowfully. "Only yesterday, before he sailed for Germany, he forbade me even to mention your name."

"And to see me?"

"Yes, dear; and to see you," said his mother. "But though I swore to obey him at the altar, God, who is Himself the fountain of all mercy, will absolve me for refusing to obey so cruel, so unnatural a command."

The young man sighed deeply, and glanced first at his wife, and then at the sleeping child at his feet.

Mrs. Bartenshaw understood the mute appeal, and she said:

"Ralph, I promise you solemnly that, heaven helping me, I will look after them."

"Heaven bless you, mother!" said feebly the dying man, while the poor young wife burst into tears.

Mrs. Bartenshaw bade her daughter cheer up, left the young couple some money and a few necessaries that seemed luxuries in their eyes, and departed amid tears and blessings from her children, promising to call again and see them on Monday.

But on the Monday Ralph Bartenshaw was dead, and within ten days the poor young widow was also carried to the grave.

During everything, Mrs. Bartenshaw took the poor little orphan to her own home. There were yet nearly three weeks before her husband would return from the Continent, in which to mature her plans. Poor little Ethelind was too much of a baby to be placed at the tender mercies of strangers; but Mrs. Bartenshaw, bereaved of her only child, felt her warm mother's heart beat with double tenderness towards his orphan. She trusted that her husband would be softened when he heard of the death of his only child, and even if not so, Mrs. Bartenshaw resolved to brave everything rather than part with the little Linda.

But two evenings prior to Mr. Bartenshaw's expected return, the following telegraph from the agent of Lloyd's at Hamburgh was placed in Mrs. Bartenshaw's hands:

"The steamer Fair Rosamond has foundered in the North Sea, with all hands—Mr. Bartenshaw amongst the passengers."

Mrs. Bartenshaw had not loved her husband, but she was greatly shocked at this violent termination of his life, and that he should have died in wrath with his only child, and ignorant of that child's death, was the worst trial of all for the poor lady to bear. She found some consolation, however, in the fact that there was no obstacle to her doing as she pleased with respect to the little Linda, and all her affections, stayed in their natural course, lavished themselves upon the motherless and fatherless child.

All that education could do was done for Ethelind Bartenshaw; and, at eighteen years of age, she was an extremely accomplished and amiable girl. She also possessed the dangerous gift of beauty in no ordinary degree. Tall, and rather inclining to embonpoint, her figure was beautifully moulded and proportioned, and her extremely graceful carriage prevented the awkwardness of gesture which is often inseparable from height in a woman.

It was the Autumn of the year, and Mrs. Bartenshaw and Ethelind were staying a few weeks in one of the most wild and picturesque districts of the Highlands. A friend of the elder lady—who was himself travelling about—had placed his shooting box at their disposal. This was a great delight to Linda, as amid her numerous accomplishments, was included that of being a beautiful sketcher, and the picturesqueness of the locality afforded ample facilities for this, her favorite pursuit. It was the young lady's custom to rise very early—sometimes at five o'clock—so as to catch the earliest tints of sunrise.

On account of the advanced age of the old lady, the Bartenshaws did not breakfast until the somewhat late hour of ten o'clock, so that Ethelind had ample time afforded for her excursion, and she sometimes extended her walks to a considerable distance from Heather Lodge, which was the name of the shooting-box where the Bartenshaws were staying.

She had risen early one unusually lovely morning in the beginning of September, and walked, perhaps some three miles from the lodge, to a favorite sketching point.

Ethelind fixed her camp-stool beneath the shelter of a fine, old pine tree. Then she sat to work, heart and soul, with the zeal of a true artist, to transfer the lovely scene to her canvas, ere the rose, gold and silver tints of the glorious sunrise should merge into the uniform splendor of day. She had worked, perhaps, half an hour, and, pausing a moment, was regarding her work with a sigh of pleasure and satisfaction, when a voice close at her shoulder so startled her—as well it might in that solitude—as to cause her to drop her brush, and spring up with a hasty exclamation.

"I am sure I beg your pardon," said the intruder, with a mixture of courtesy and fun in his tones that Ethelind scarcely knew whether to feel complimented or insulted.

She was about to put on one of her most haughty, tragedy queen airs, but so comical, yet good humored, was the smile that played round the corners of the stranger's mouth, that it disarmed her resentment; but she said, with as much good humor as she could summon up—

"It is very startling to be surprised by the sound of a human voice when you believed yourself to be in entire solitude."

"I grant it," returned the newcomer. "And so Robinson Crusoe found it when he imagined his parrot to be some fellow man in the flesh."

The deference in his manner gratified Ethelind, but his familiarity annoyed her. So she said, sharply—

"I should imagine, sir, that in civilized society it is scarcely usual for a gentleman, who is quite a stranger to a lady, to first startle her by a sudden intrusion, and then read her lectures on Robinson Crusoe."

He laughed with an air of amusement.

"Come, come!" he said. "You are offended and consequently unjust. I was very rude—I own it. There! But a fellow feeling caused my rudeness. Will you forgive me?"

"What a strange man!" thought Ethelind. But she said, aloud, "Well sir, when a gentleman expresses his sincere regret at having caused offence to a lady, she has no alternative but to accord to a lady, she has no alternative but to accord him her forgiveness."

"I did offend you, then?"

"Certainly!" said Miss Bartenshaw, with dignity. "We are utter strangers."

"Granted, again," said he. "But I should imagine that in the Highlands an introduction is not so necessary as in a fashionable drawing room?"

"Perhaps not," returned Ethelind. "But a lady is a lady wherever she may be, and, consequently—"

"A gentleman should be a gentleman wherever he may be, I suppose you mean?"

Miss Bartenshaw colored to find her thoughts so divined, but said, candidly—

"Yes, that is what I mean."

For a moment the newcomer looked disconcerted; then he said, frankly—

"It was very rude, I must admit. Pray forgive me!"

And now the sincerity in his voice and his chivalrous bearing quite won Ethelind, and she said, heartily—

"Pray think no more of it, sir."

"You are very kind," he returned, pleased at the alteration in her manner. "The fellow-feeling which I told you drew me to startle you was intense love for art, and a wish to see how your sketch was proceeding. You will show it to me, will you not?"

"Perhaps—by and bye," said Ethelind, demurely. "You are an artist yourself?"

"Who, I? No, certainly not. I have the misfortune to be the possessor of a good estate and some thousands a year."

"Oh, I did not mean a professional artist," said Ethelind, apologetically. "I meant you perhaps draw."

"I try to draw," said he; but I fear I don't succeed. I came hither this morning on the same errand as yourself, and whilst you have been painting the heather, the clouds and the mountains, I have been sitting beneath yonder firs, sketching you. I fear my performance is a horrible daub; however, you shall be the judge."

And he laid his sketch before her.

It was, indeed, a horrible daub; and Ethelind's artist soul shuddered as she looked at it. The face was out of drawing, the tints one confused blur.

"Am I like that?" she said, painfully.

"Oh!" said he, airily, "it is only an outline. Wait till it is filled in."

"If the outline is so horrible, what will the finished picture be?" thought Ethelind, aghast. But she said, courteously, "Well, having shown me your—hem!—picture, I am now bound to show you mine. There it is," and she gave it into his hands.

"Great heavens!" cried the stranger. "How exquisite!"

And he forthwith sat down on the ground to study it.

If the man had not an artist's hand, it was none the less evident that he had an artist's soul.

While he studied the details of the unfinished painting, quite absorbed in it, unconscious of his companion's observations, Ethelind watched him.

He was a man of at least forty years of age, and looked a great deal older, for his thick brown hair was dashed with gray, and many a silver thread already showed amid the chestnut masses of his heavy beard and moustache. His head was exceedingly intellectual, and his forehead especially broad and massive. All the features were extremely noble—the nose high and somewhat aquiline, the mouth rather large, but expressive and firmly set, and the eye of a clear, penetrating gray. The face, above all things, expressed power, and this was especially calculated to attract Ethelind.

At last he spoke, and this time with a sort of reverent admiration.

"What would I not give to paint like this!"

"You overrate the merits of my little sketch," said Ethelind, "and you flatter me."

"Flatter you! Ah, no. You are a genius. Now, I, unfortunately, am devoted to the art without having the power myself to be its disciple; and because I will pursue it my friends call me an 'original.'"

Ethelind smiled.

"You smile! You think, perhaps, that, like some men I affect eccentricity for the sake of being thought 'original'?"

"Pardon me, I had really no such thought. It merely crossed my mind that at least your method of introducing yourself to a lady had something of 'originality' in it?"

"At least, it has answered," he said, warmly, "for I feel quite as if we were old friends already."

But at this all Ethelind's reserve returned. She looked at her watch.

"I must really return home," she said. "My grandmother will be waiting breakfast."

The stranger looked disappointed, hesitated, and then said, frankly:

"I trust we shall meet again."

"It is possible," returned Ethelind, rather coldly.

"I am staying at Fox Glen," said the other, "four miles from here, and I often come to this lovely spot to sketch. That is," he added, seeing a half-smile on that young lady's face, "to try to sketch. I do hope that we may meet. There is no impropriety in it. I am old enough to be your father. Oh, I am quite an old man."

Ethelind did not feel so sure of that. However, she took up her camp-stool, saying—

"I really must wish you good morning."

And as he lifted his 'deerstalker,' she bowed courteously in return and departed.

He stood a moment, watching her graceful figure as she descended the slope of the little hill.

"That girl has both heart and genius," was his internal comment.

"That is no ordinary man," said Miss Bartenshaw to herself, as she walked rapidly homewards.

CHAPTER II.

THE THRONE.

Ethelind Bartenshaw and the stranger did meet again, and at last neither could conceal from the other that their attachment was mutual. It had been a singular courtship, and Ethelind now began to feel that she had acted very wrongly in concealing these sweet, stolen interviews from her grandmother. Her upright nature recoiled from anything like clandestine intercourse. Yet, in fact, the meetings between herself and this stranger—for she had known him only five weeks—had been clandestine, and Ethelind could not but own that they had been so. She, however, soon found an opportunity of confessing to her grandmother.

One morning, as they sat at breakfast, Mrs. Bartenshaw said to her granddaughter:

"Well, Linda, darling, I have pleasant news for you. While you went sketching I had a letter."

Linda opened her eyes in surprise.

"A letter, grandma! Why, the post never comes in here until twelve."

"Well, dear, I did think it strange. However, here the letter is," and Mrs. Bartenshaw took up the letter from beside the plate, saying, "It is from a friend of mine, dear—in fact the gentleman who has lent us this house. He writes to say that he is returning home, but that we are not to curtail our visit on that account. He hopes we will stay and solace a solitary old bachelor."

"He is old, then, grandma?"

"No, dear, I don't say that. Perhaps two or three and forty. Indeed, instead of calling him a friend of mine, I ought more properly have said that he is the son of an old friend of mine. He is a large landowner in this county. All these moors as far as you can see are his, and so is the neighboring manor of Fox Glen."

"Fox Glen!" thought Ethelind. "That is where he is staying!"

For, singular as it may appear, although the stranger had taken care to extract from Ethelind who and what she was, she was as yet in utter ignorance of his name.

"What shall you do, grandma?" she asked, after a pause.

"Well, dear," returned Mrs. Bartenshaw, taking off her spectacles and laying down the letter, "I think we will stay another month. I am in better health here than I have been for a long while. And as for you, your sketching is an excellent reason for your wishing to prolong our stay."

Linda thought that she had another reason also, but she did not say so.

She merely said:

"Well, grandma, I am sure I have no wish to go away yet. I only hope Mr.— Mr.—What's his name, grandma?"

"Blount, dear. Mr. Hartcourt Blount."

"I only hope Mr. Hartcourt Blount will prove a pleasant companion."

"You needn't fear about that," the old lady said. "Indeed, I have had such a pleasant little dream. I thought if—if——"

"If what, grandma?" asked Ethelind, with some curiosity.

"Well, my dear, if you could fancy Mr. Blount how nice it would be."

"Impossible, grandma," she said, with an inward feeling of compunction for having deceived so kind a relative to whom she owed all. "He is too old for me, and may be ugly and fidgetty, and—and besides, there is another reason why I could never marry Mr. Blount. I am engaged."

"Ethelind!"

"I know it was wrong of me not to have told you—very wrong; but oh, dear grandma, it grew on me—indeed it did. Oh, don't reproach me!"

"I will not reproach you, my dear," said Mrs. Bartenshaw, wiping her eyes, "if he is worthy of you. But why did you not tell me before we came here?"

"It has only happened since we came here!" said Linda, coloring deeply.

"Only happened since we came here?" cried the old lady, in amaze. "Then you can only have known this—this gentleman"—she laid a strong emphasis on the word, "six weeks?"

"Not quite that!"

"This is my granddaughter," said the old lady, with great severity, "engaging herself clandestinely, without the knowledge of her only relative, to a stranger whom she has only known six weeks."

"Oh, grandma, don't—don't talk so bitterly," said Linda, almost in tears. "Your reproof is just, dear grandmother," faltered poor Ethel. "I have acted very wrongly; but, indeed, I never meant to deceive you. It grew on me. I shall love you just the same, dear granny." Here she threw her arms round the old lady's neck. "Oh, do forgive your poor Linda."

Mrs. Burtenshaw was softened. She had borne too much trouble in her early days, and remembered Linda's parents' fate too keenly, to care to quarrel with the only thing on earth dear to her. So she said, more calmly—

"But, child, consider! What may this man be? A mere adventurer, perhaps; but even if he were a prince——"

"Grandma, he is no adventurer!" said Ethel, proudly. "He is worthy a throne."

The old lady sighed—

"Such enthusiasm after a casual six weeks' acquaintance," she murmured; then, aloud, to Ethel, "What is his name?"

Ethelind blushed deeply.

"I do not know, grandma."

"What?" cried the old lady. "You must be mad, surely, child. Is it possible that, after a few weeks' acquaintance, you have engaged yourself to a man who tells you he has large property, but whose name you do not even know. It is incredible," continued Mrs. Burtenshaw, lifting her hands. "But I will immediately call on this gentleman, and beg him to come to me. This I insist on."

"Oh, dear, grandma, indeed, indeed, that is what we wish. I had meant to tell you this morning, only you began about Mr. Blount's letter. I have asked him to call here before luncheon."

Mrs. Burtenshaw brightened a little at this.

"That is better, she said; "but I warn you, Ethelind, that I shall in all probability deem it my duty to put an immediate end to all correspondence between you and the stranger."

"You will not, grandma, when you have seen him," said Ethelind, kissing her.

"I shall possibly not see him with your eyes," retorted the old lady, sarcastically. "If this fellow——"

"Do not judge him unseen or unheard," said Linda; then, with a sudden impulse, throwing herself into her grandmother's arms, "Oh, forgive me, dear, dear grandma, and try and like him, for my sake!"

Mrs. Burtenshaw fondly smoothed with her hand the weeping girl's hair.

"Well, well, darling, we must make the best of it."

At this moment Mrs. Burtenshaw's page came to the door.

"Madam, a gentleman to see you. He comes by appointment, he says."

"His name, Richard?"

"He gave no name, ma'am."

"Ask it, then. I can admit no stranger without a name."

The page returned with the visitor, and announced—

"Mr. Horcourt Blount."

And in walked Ethelind's stranger.

Mrs. Burtenshaw rose, and extended her hand.

"My dear Harcourt, how plased I am. But there is some mistake here. We are expecting a—a stranger."

And she glanced at Ethelind.

But the deep, rich color that flooded Linda's cheek and brow at once betrayed to the womanly instincts of Mrs. Burtenshaw that there had been no "mistake."

A happy explanation followed. Mr. Blount had been suddenly summoned from the Continent on urgent business, and not wishing to disturb the ladies in the possession of Heather Lodge, had taken up his residence at his other shooting-box in Fox Glen. Thus he had accidentally become acquainted with Linda. Mutual taste and inclination did the rest.

"I should be the happiest woman in the world," said Mrs. Burtenshaw, slyly, "but for one thing——"

Linda looked at her in astonishment.

"My grandaughter has declared she will never marry Mr. Blount."

"What?" cried Harcourt.

"Oh, be easy. She did not know you were Mr. Blount. Ask her now. And, besides," added the old lady, I now give my consent."

"Ah! that alters the question," said Linda, archly; but what further she said to Harcourt Blount does not concern either you or me.

"She declared you were worthy of a throne," said Mrs. Burtenshaw, mischeviously, to Harcourt.

"She did?" cried Mr. Blount, delighted.

"Well, grandma," said Ethelind, coloring, "I did not know you would betray me. But if he has not a throne, I have gained one."

"You?" exclaimed her grandmother. What do you mean, darling?"

"Why," said Ethelind, as she gave her hand to Harcourt, "is not a true woman's throne in a good man's heart?"

Interesting Facts.

Pistols in use, 1544.
Muskets in use, 1370.
Spectacles invented, 1280.
Paper made from linen, 1300.
Musical notes used, invented, 1330.
Linen first made in England, 1253.
Clocks first made in England, 1608.
Pens first made of quills, A. D. 635.
Printing first introduced into England, 1471.
Paper was invented in China, 170 years B. C.
Saddles came into use in the fourth century.
Plays were first acted at Rome, 23 years B. C.
Horse shoes of iron were first made A. D. 43.
Stirrups were not made until a century later.
Printing invented at Metz by Guttenberg, 1450.
Potatoes were first introduced into Ireland, in 1586.
Tobacco first introduced into France by Nicot, 1450.
Cannons first used at the siege of Alsegiras, 1342.
The art of weaving was introduced into England, 1330.
Astronomy and geometry brought into England, 1230.
The calendar was reformed by Julius Caesar in the year 45 B. C.
The first public library was founded at Athens, 526 years B. C.
The first public library in Rome was founded in the year 167 B. C.
Paper of cotton rags invented towards the close of the tenth century.
Comedy and tragedy were first exhibited at Athens 257 years B. C.
Turkeys and chocolate introduced into England from America, 1520.
The figures of arithmetic brought into Europe by Saracens A. D. 991.
Post-office established in France, 1464; in England, 1581; in Germany, 1641.
Insurance on ships and merchandise was first made in 43 A. D.
The first public library was founded at Alexandria, Egypt, 84 A. D.
The first regular bank was established in Venice in the year 1157.
Stone buildings and glass were first introduced in England in 674 A. D.
Pleadings in courts of judicature were first introduced in the year 778 A. D.
Manufacture of silk brought from India into Europe in the year 551 A. D.
The degree of doctor first conferred in Europe at Bologna, 1130; in England, in 1208.

—It is said there is something noble in honorable poverty, and there is hardly an editor in the country who does not feel himself loaded to the muzzle with laurels of this glorious but inconvenient character.

COST OF FOX HUNTING IN ENGLAND.

Ten Thousand Couples of Hounds—The Season and the Hunters.

From the Pall Mall Gazette.

The United Kingdom now contains no fewer than 340 packs. The number of couples of hounds in these different packs varies much. Thus the 17 packs of stag hounds have 396½ couples, or an average of 23 couples each; the 162 packs of fox hounds have 6,706 couples, or an average of 41½ couples each; the 137 packs of harriers have 2,192½ couples, or an average of 16 couples each; and the 24 packs of beagles have 336½ couples, or an average of 14 couples each. As three or four masters of harriers and one of fox hounds have failed to mention in their return the number of hounds in their kennels, it follows that the 340 packs of hounds enumerated above are not far short of 10,000 couples, giving an average of more than 29 couples each. The amount of money which must be expended upon the maintenance and management of hounds alone cannot be put at a lower figure than £500 a day; and this is not the most costly part of a hunting establishment, for if it exceeds the personal expenses, heavy as they sometimes are, of the master of a fashionable pack, it is not nearly so onerous a burden as the stable. There is this, however, to be said: That, whereas, a master of hounds can reduce his stable expenses, if he knows where to look for the class of horses best suited to the country he hunts, the kennel expenditure represents a fixed sum which the best of management will not succeed in lessening to any appreciable extent. But though it is easier to calculate the kennel than it is the stable expenditure of each pack, we shall not be far wrong in assuming that the annual outlay upon each of the 340 packs is, taking the one with the other, £1,500 a year; and this calculation would give a total of £547,000 spent by the masters of hounds out of their own pockets, or out of the fund subscribed in the district. When to this is added the money spent by the people who hunt, from the owners of well appointed studs in Leicestershire and Wiltshire to the modest proprietor of a steed called upon to do its three days a fortnight, it will be possible to form some general notion of what a large place hunting holds in rural pursuits, and how many people are interested in its cultivation.

The hunting season proper does not nominally begin until the first week of this month (November), and several of the oldest packs adhere to the original date. Lord Hardwicke, in the exercise of his functions as Master of the Buck Hounds, has deferred the first meeting at Salthill until next Tuesday. Even by that time fences will not be much less blind than they are at present in the home counties, and it is almost a pity that the hounds cannot have another week in the forest. Lord Hardwicke has now worn the silver couples (his badge of office) for four seasons; and with Frank Goodall carrying the horn, those who hunt with the royal pack may look forward to good sport of its kind. The changes in the personnel of the principal packs have been fewer than usual, but two masters—Mr. Hall of the Holderness, and Mr. Leamon of the Lamerton, have died since last season, their places being taken by Mr. Pennington for the Yorkshire, and by Mr. Deakin for the Cornwall pack. Sir Richard Glyn of the Blackmore Vale will find a new colleague in Capt. MacNaghten, who takes on the Cattistock hounds. In Huntingdonshire, the Milton hounds pass from the hands of Mr. Fitzwilliam into those of Lord Huntly. The South Northumberland, a pack which had been for many years under the management of Major Browne, who showed good sport in a bad country, is transferred to Major Cresswell; but a still older master of hounds will be missed this season in Mr. Mortimer, who has hunted the Croydon country for thirty-two years. The few alterations which have occurred in Scottish and Irish packs of foxhounds need not be referred to here, nor is there much change in the harrier list since last year. However sanguine may be the expectations entertained as to the sport of the season now commenced, they will all be upset if the scent is bad or the Winter a severe one.

ZIP'S DEATHBED.

Mr. Donohue's Account of a Wonderful Sight in the Central Park Monkey House.

"I never saw such a thing in my life," said James Donohue, the night watchman of the Central Park Museum, New York. "On Tuesday Zip, one of Mr. Barnum's monkeys, fell suddenly and dangerously ill. He was a great favorite with his companions—their leader in mischief. Superintendent Conklin examined him, and said he would die. We got a bed of straw and cotton for him, and left warm milk by his side."

Mr. Donohue meditated briefly, as though picturing the scene in his mind, and then said: "Yes, in all my experience as a night watchman among beasts, I never saw such a thing in my life. At 11 o'clock I went to the cage. Usually the monkeys at night sit huddled together, sound asleep; but this time they were all wide awake, sitting silent and moveless, watching Zip's dying agonies. Zip lay in a corner sobbing and moaning. Jack and Pete, the two trick monkeys, were at his side. Jack had Zip's head resting on his bosom, while Pete every now and then dipped his paw in the milk and wet Zip's lips. Wasn't that strange?"

The reporter assented.

"But there's a stranger thing about it yet," Mr. Donohue continued; "at midnight Zip died. Then came what my partner Reilly, and Barnum's man, say they never saw the like of. As Zip's head fell limp in the arms of Jack, he gave a little low squeal, and Pete sprang to his side. Pete looked at Zip, lifted up one of his paws, tapped him gently on the breast, put his ear to his heart, raised his head, and then gave a shrill squeal. Jack in answer dropped Zip just as naturally as a human being would at the first intimation that the form he held was dead. Pete was the first to recover himself. Slowly he approached Zip, examined him closely, raised him in his arms, dropped him hard on the floor of the cage, and, as Zip did not move, sprang to the uppermost perch. Wasn't that strange?"

The reporter assented.

"Then, sir," continued Mr. Donohue, "came the most extraordinary thing ever witnessed in the park. The monkeys set up the most piercing screams. The baby monkeys pressed close to their mothers, and the females close to the males. All chattered and chattered, and pointed to poor Zip. Finally, Pete and Jack, followed by all the others, sprang to the bottom of the cage. They were all silent now, moving slow, and in form of a circle they gradually came nearer and nearer. Then, hugging close, they stopped. All night long they remained watching the body, and I never saw a wake that could beat that one for earnestness and sympathy.

After a pause Mr. Donohue said: "He'll be stuffed."

"Who?" the reporter asked.

"Zip, of course," was the reply.

The Sentimental Intruder.

From the Saturday Review.

A most fatiguing kind of intruder is the sentimental or subjective variety. Although our age is not specially productive of the languishing and romantic type of young man, one may occasionally encounter a specimen of this class who is ready, uninvited, to pour his superabundant emotion into any ear which happens to present itself. He seems to be roving from place to place in search of some kindred and sympathetic nature. He is a sort of modern minstrel, who "wanders far and wide singing everywhere the same doleful lay. He begins, perhaps, by quoting from Heine or Alfred de Musset, and talks in measured cadences of the world-pain which consumes the best hearts of the age.

He enlarges on the mystery of the poet's nature, with its irrepressible emotions, and unutterable thoughts. Then, perhaps, he grows more personal, and confides to his chance listener some of the secrets of his troubled existence. The worst feature in this oppressive form of obtrusiveness is that it seems to appeal to our pity. We can not bring ourselves to check those lachrymose approaches too harshly, and can only pray for the hour which is to liberate us from so difficult and painful companionship. A third kind of intruder awakens a more decided feeling of antipathy. This is the man who may be said to depend on his fortuitous companions for his ideas and interests.

He is a sort of parasitic growth which draws its sustenance from other and higher organisms. When alone he leads a vacuous life, feels no promptings of activity from within, and easily falls a prey to ennui. He clutches eagerly at the skirts, so to speak, of each new passer-by in the hope of being lifted for a while out of his emptiness. Such an intruder has nothing to offer us; he can not even amuse us by his naivete or his sentimentality. He is simply and insufferably dreary. He expects us to supply all topics of conversation, and to propose all agreeable activities. The only thing he can do is to profit by our brains. He is a sheer dead weight from which we try to be delivered.

RUSSIAN THEATRES.

Annie Louise Cary Describes Some of Their Peculiarities.

From the San Francisco Chronicle.

"The arrangement of the audience in Russian theatres is peculiar," said Miss Cary. "The parquet is mostly occupied by gentlemen. Those of the highest rank sit in the first row. In the second and third rows are diplomats, officers and other persons of consideration. No person of social standing sits further back than the fifth row. So the parquet is fairly ablaze with buttons, epaulets and medallions. It frequently happens that officers have boxes for their families, and themselves occupy seats near the stage, where they can flirt with the girls. They have their favorites among the danseuses, and do not hesitate to show their preferences. The ballet is composed of foundlings, who are brought up and educated by the Government. The guardianship exercised over them is very strict up to the moment when they are set at liberty, after which they at once exercise the utmost license, and shortly after may be seen parading the streets in the gaudiest dresses and the most elegant diamonds. The Russians are famous for their diamonds, and for giving valuable presents, or were so until the beginning of the present war. The subscription for the Patti opera season used to be 30,000 rubles. Two years ago it was 4,000 rubles. Last year it was 2,000 rubles in St. Petersburg and 600 rubles in Moscow. Years ago when Patti arrived, they used to decorate the station house with flowers in her honor. The raising of money by subscription is getting to be a regular system of 'begging,' and respectable people are getting tired. The war has made times hard, and the great bank failure at Moscow has impoverished thousands. For the last two years there have been no court concerts."

"Are the stories true that are told respecting the enthusiasm of Russian audiences?"

"It seems like an exaggeration to say that an artist was called before the curtain twenty times. I myself was called out thirty-two times on the night of my first appearance. The opera was 'Il Trovatore.' I was called out six or seven times after every scene, and eighteen times after my first duet with Maurice. It takes a long time for the recalls, and delays the performance until it becomes tiresome. But the time lost in this way is gained in the short entr'actes. No wait longer than fifteen minutes is ever allowed, and when the Czar and family are present we are obliged to dress as quickly as a variety performer who does what he calls lightning changes. They call our artists together and separately. It is 'Patti sola!' and 'Cary sola!' and then Patti and Cary, and then all together. After the people from the lower part of the house are gone, the plebs, which includes a lot of noisy students, rush down and gather at the foot-lights, and howl for the artists until all have appeared again and again. It seems as if they never would be satisfied."

Toilet of a Japanese Damsel.

The Japanese have been called the "French of the East." Pleasure is to them almost everything, and holidays are numerous. The ladies are out on these occasions in great numbers. The toilet of a Japanese damsel is a matter of no light consideration, and to be in good time for the fair she must be up and dressing long before the sun rises from behind the great sacred mountain, Fuji. The long coarse tresses of raven-black hair must be washed, combed and greased till the head shines like a knob of polished black marble; the cheeks must be rouged to the proper tints, the throat, neck and bosom powdered—carefully leaving, however, on the nape of the neck three lines of the original brown skin of the owner, in accordance with the rules of Japanese cosmetic art; the eyebrows must be carefully rounded and touched with black; the lips reddened with cherry paste, with a patch of gilding in the centre. When all this has been done, and the layers of clothes properly adjusted, the "obi," or huge sash of many colors, tied in the knot of prevailing fashion, the cleanest of white socks, and the newest of black lacquered clogs put on the feet, the belle is ready, and with the proper allowance of pocket-handkerchief paper, her tobacco pouch, pipe, and fan, she sails forth, turning her toes well in, and playing in well-affected demureness with her fan. Her mother is likewise painted, combed, and adorned; but not a vestige of eyebrow graces her forehead, and her teeth are as black as jet, according to the rules of married women. Her father is clean shaved, his "queue" or top-knot smoothly pasted on his head, and his limited garments new, stiff, and shining—with the family crest embroidered on back and sleeves. In the streets there are hundreds of neighbors, similarly decked and arrayed, bowing, scraping, paying compliments, chattering, laughing and pattering along on their high wooden clogs toward the pleasaunce. Critical eyes examine head-dresses and "obis," coquettish eyes laugh and convey tender messages from behind fans, thereby bringing down reproofs from stern parental eyes, which, however, soon twinkle at some jest or well turned compliment. Everything is good-humor, happiness, and enjoyment, and the cloudless blue sky above, the occasional twitter of birds—for Japan is but poorly off for feathered warblers—and the glitter of the sunshine, all go to make up a holiday picture scarcely to be equalled out of Japan.

Royal Family Affairs.

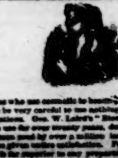
San Francisco Chronicle London Letter.

The Prince of Wales' two sons have recently been sitting, or rather standing, to one of our best sculptors, the Queen, their grandmother, having ordered from him a statuette of each. Of course she has required them to be portrayed as though clad in Highland costumes, since she prefers that to all other styles, and the sculptor, Williamson, has judiciously tried both to preserve a good likeness of the lads and at the same time to make pleasant and refined portraits of them. It is therefore almost unnecessary to remark that he has had to idealize considerably to every way of softening down some of the well-known heaviness of the Guelphic cast of countenance. He tells a friend of mine that the royal boys are good-natured enough about their likenesses, and that the elder of them said the other day, while posing, said: "I know that I am ugly and that you cannot help making me so. Do you know who I am like and from whom I get my large mouth? I am like my Aunt Thyra." This aunt is his mother's sister, the youngest and only unmarried daughter of the King of Denmark, one of the many princesses whom report long ago picked out as the probable bride for the Prince Imperial when the Bonaparte dynasty seemed to have taken firm root in France. As it is, however, the Princess remains single. With one sister destined to be Queen of the empire on which the sun never sets, and the other fated—and perhaps shortly—to be Empress of all the Russias, the fair Thyra probably has not cared to descend to the petty and penniless German princes who seem to be so bountifully provided by nature and the Almanach de Gotha to espouse all they can of the marriageable princesses of Europe. And the empire in France having gone to dust and ashes, and the King of Spain being too orthodox a son of the Church to marry a heretic, there is positively no one else—unless it be a Rothschild—worth looking at.

—Norwich, Conn., makes two hundred and fifty thousand toy pistols a year. When he thinks of the small boy and his love for the exhilarating pop of powder, there is not an undertaker in the land who does not feel his heart go out in thankfulness to that genial little Yankee city smiling in humble usefulness amid the greenhill hills of the Nutmeg State.

—A man in Nebraska has patented a new, powerful, double-acting salve, which shows power never before exhibited by salves of any kind. The inventor accidentally cut off the tail of a tame wolf, and immediately applying some of the salve to the stump a new tail grew out. Then, picking up the old tail, he applied some of the salve to the raw end of that, and a wolf grew out; but he was a wild wolf, and had to be shot.

—The Detroit Free Press pitches into quack doctors as if it had a personal grievance. All they are good for, it says, is to kill off fools.



Ladies who are desirous to beautify the skin should always be very careful to get ... [illegible]

MESSRAFFER.

BY JAMES HUMPHREY WYCLIFFE.

High on a chimney of rich materialism, which purposed conception in its utterance,
Nine Muses Unfavorable, from 9 potentiality—
That Parkinson Power, ineffable and mossy;
Undiffused, unsectarianed energy
Into their locality, that lies and underlies;
Pyrogenic, rhythmic, indistinguishable,
Alike for all mankind, double and many.
As in polarity, in gravity,
Constantly working, hand and light,
And electricity: O Somnema!

The time being full no further terms
Matter and Force, Impenetrability,
Its Principalities and Powers of Things,
All unsettled, all unsolved, all
Beneath d quite. When mystic Energy
In vapor d, dissolv'd in low thin no time,
Quick as a wave, an inter-ether wave,
Compact and powerful all unnerved to war;
The broken philosophic funk that rides
Atop of the whole Cosmic Evaporation;
The vast aggressor, disintegrates,
The marvelous, moving equilibrium,
Is lost; is lost; all diffused
That makes and moulds the molecule, dreard'd;
The concentrated d dart comes elements
Into the simple body merge and so,
The universal Unknown collapsed,
And all was nebulet!

O, Nebula!
Omniscient, transcendent Nebula!
Thy circumscribing circle closes in
Thy all, thy all, thy all the world
Abstract, concrete, and when-not, all are there;
Thy ancient ancestor and cognital,
And the hand and soil cheerful priests, shells and all;
The recondite Sanscrit, with its d
The mind-saving link for drowning men to grasp;
Prepotence, perpetual nurrunder,
Self-self's self-self's self-self-like excrements;
Apologies, analogies, et al—
Thy all for all shovelled to catalogue
Thy infinite engagement, Nebula!
Thy grasp is as the grasp of Omniscience;
Thy home-to-tregeneity!

O, Nebula of silence unbroken!
Terrestrial eye differed not repelled
Just transcended: and inasmuch as ye
Made impression of kindred sphere in form
Of infinite kinds and myriad quantities—
Sand—sand—sand, and—sand—sand—sand!
Ye atoms, hear! All ye who took the line
Of the Universe, ye beautiful beings
The Universe noted, and transmigrated
Through modes of matter: ye, who were indued
By shocks of ethic energies,
All ye, infecting an aptitude
To do—O ye who were destined for free
To take the straightest impulse—even ye!
Can ye answer the Nebula? Answer me!
Because there be so many millions of you,
Flaying in a body so many millions of you,
In space and time—from cool to ultimism;
Can ye answer Nebula? Answer me!
Therefore, upon the law of averages—
And owing to the Nebula's all-comprehends,
Not now, for cause to be enumerated—
Nebula this not forth. Do thou forth
Compound: relieve; declare; condense; evolve
From nebula to star! Amen!

PHILADELPHIA, November, 1877.

FASHIONS IN FURS.

The Leading Modes Discussed—Singular Manner of Dressing the Skins of Animals—Exports and Imports of Furs.

Fashions in furs are not numerous for the coming season. This wintry style of raiment is never so fickle or changeable as that of fabrics as much as any other fashion of personal adornment. One year sable rules, and others seal fur becomes the attraction, and the very next year the ermine or the chinchilla is the favorite. The choice differs from year to year until all the valuable "skins" have figured in the world of dress and then the list is simply repeated, always, however, presenting something in the manner of "make up" and style of finish. In the wearing of furs this Winter the demand will be somewhat at ebb tide, and this decline in demand is caused by the prolonged mild weather covering of the body is all owing to the introduction of long, rich cloaks made wholly of heavy warm materials, and profusely trimmed with fringed galloons of the same, furs and fur garnitures will be fashionable, but fur garments will not be generally worn this season. Sable and seal will be used, and hence will rank as important articles of a "fine" toilet potten up for our door wear. The favorite shades for seal are the darkest, which is very beautifully shaded, having a mixture of silver gray, which gives it a bright, stand-up rippling over the surface. These commingling, soft hues blend admirably with the combination colors now prevailing in promenade suits, and so out of a sombre foundation in the toilet there is produced sunning effects by carefully dressing of the various dyes. The whole, when artistically arranged, forms a rather brilliant picture of dress.

CHINCHILLA IN MUFFS.

Muffs are quite small and are variously finished at the ends, either in fur bands or fringe, and also with bands of ribbon bows. Bows are made flat and very long; the underside is often lined with silk. The old-fashioned pelerine is quite out of favor, and capes are in favor with the fashionables. This fashion of fur garment is a simple shoulder cape, and in fact the only elaborate fur article of dress that can be worn, now that long cloaks of cloth and silk are fashionable.

MINOR FURS.

Besides the chinchilla there will appear as trimmings for dress goods the fur of the mink fox, finer tail and sea otter. The ever valuable Russian sable will hold favor with many ladies, in spite of its high price, and is shown for other furs by the leaders of fashion. This fur is very valuable and hence can never become wholly passe. Henry Wicker if figured in the world of dress, and if not preferred to all other furs the Hudson's Bay sable is a favorite.

Seal skin is not in favor, and will not therefore rank as a dress fur. There are a few pretty jackets made in the end of seal skin sacques, which may give those garments a little prestige in the least manner. Fashion requires that not only the fur garments be cut quite long, and fur manufacturers have sent to market a number of handsome seal skin sacques that have not been worn. These are always fashionables who can indulge their means, and can purchase more than one independent street garment, so there is a chance for these comfortable sacques to make an appearance in the best society this Winter.

FUR GARNITURES.

Cunning modes in fur garnitures are introduced. These rather novel changes will no doubt please many fashionables, and they will select fur trimming in spite of its being a high priced garment favor. The world is in this direction and that fur band trimming is wider than that worn last year, and then it is not wholly composed of fur, but combined with the pretty fur tasselings which forms a unique fringe. But all these attractive novelties will only be worn as a rule for fur trimmings designed for promenade garments. However, for carriage wraps and skating suits fur bands will be largely worn.

Sacques and dolmans, made of heavy silk and clouded with fur, will appear in the house mode. These fashions of Winter garments are still in favor, although they were worn last year.

ROMANCE OF THE FUR TRADE.

The fur trade has much in common with it that borders on the romantic. Certainly the traffic in furs has great antiquity. The Chinese must have had a fur trade long before the time of some 30,000 years. The Scriptures often mention the skins of animals as worn and for raiment. The earliest account of the fur trade given in history business is dated 1555 and has its birthplace in Russia.

In 1785, the Russian-American Fur Company was incorporated. The Hudson's Bay Company was formed in 1670 by a party of London fur men. For a long time there was a rival fur company, called the "Northwesters," whose agents and trappers were engaged in getting furs in rivalry with the Hudson's Bay Company. After years the two companies were consolidated, and all was peace on the hunting and trapping grounds. The capital of the company in 1861 passed into the hands of the International Financial Society, of London; the capital is said to be over £3,000,000 sterling. Exports of furs from this country to Europe is very considerable; in heavers, the figures run up nearly to the 125,000 mark rate, and over 30,000 other skins are annually shipped. The imports of Russian sables vary some years, when this rich and costly fur takes the lead in the world of dress, the importations figure on a very extensive scale, running nearly a quarter of a million.

The chinchilla is a native of South America. It is a small animal, and its fur is called valuable at all times, and when favored as the "fashionable" of dress in this line, it is rather costly. The time for chinchilla this year will not exclude the wearing of other fast furs fashionable.

HOW FURS ARE DRESSED.

The dressing of furs is a branch of this trade that is full of interest. There are several difficult processes which the "skins" go through before they are ready to be cut into articles of use. They are first to be lubricated with oil in order to make the "pelts" flexible. When this is sufficiently soft flour is laid upon the furs, and they are rolled in sand or sawdust. There is no stated manner of dressing furs. No one process can apply to all kinds. The furs are various in the way of procuring skins. Seal skins are cleaned with lime water and inked with an iron utensil. They are also often prepared by trapping them beneath the feet. This is an old way, and it presents a fine gloss. Russia in England. Lamb skins are soaked in water, then well cleaned, dried and salted. Squirrel skins are cleaned with butter and then recleaned with sand. This removes all appearance of the fat. Ermine and skins of small animals are dressed with alum, after being trampled in a tub of rancid butter. "Still cannot be worn in Summer or Winter. Great care is taken to give a flexible character to furs, as this is deemed one of the greatest advantages a seal skin has for superior value. And the next important step taken in the dressing of furs is to have them thoroughly cleaned, and to secure this, most skins are washed in a strong solution of alum. The Chinese have a method of drying furs the world the best dressed furs, but this is not a positive fact. American dressed furs rank very high in point of excellence, and every year there is introduced some sort of innovation in this direction, which adds greatly to the superior manner of "procuring" skins ready for manufacturing purposes.

THE ALUM BEAUTIFIER.

The value of fur as a dress beautifier depends upon the whims of fashion; at one season it may be classed as a luxury, at the next it is, but the very next Winter may find furs holding a sort of secondary place in the bean mondo, yet this article has its fashionable element it never entirely poses. The fur trade will not be a brilliant one, as the fashion for fur garniture since fashion does not advocate a profusion of fur as raiment and as an independent trimming.

A BUDDHIST WOMAN IN BURMAH

It is a spacious building, containing one or more large rooms with bare boarded floors, and open on one side at least to the winds and to all comers. The approach is guarded only by the numerous wild dogs which trade upon the pious sympathies of the Buddhists to the rights of animal life, and lurk among the pillars upon which the building is supported. Ascending the wooden steps which lead up to this open verandah, we are at once within the monastery. The sight is for a moment blinded by the darkness of the interior, but it soon is well being uncolored by any color, and the ear is at the same time deafened by the clamor of children's voices repeating with the full power of their lungs the traditional Burmese spelling book. As we enter, the voices now raised higher than ever, are found to issue from forty or fifty boys recumbent on the bare floor in the negligent attitude which is dear to the small oblong black board which serves the purpose of a slate. A smart lap from a long cane on a boorish floor causes a momentary pause, and the visitors advance to an inner recess where music and confusion are unheard, and where the monkish pedagogue is seated on the ground. By his side are curiously shaped boxes and baskets of lacquer, and other articles, containing betel out, water, and the like. Huge palm-leaf fans and monster gilded umbrellas lean against the wall, and in the midst of all this splendor surrounded by gilded images of Gaudama—the founder of Buddhism—in brass, marble, or silver, piles of dusty palm-leaf manuscripts, some of them richly illuminated, and bores of various sizes and forms ornamented with gilding and a kind of mosaic or inlaying with pieces of looking glass, which from the thickly carved ceiling, and amid the strange medley are carpets and vessels of English manufacture, and in a recess more splendid American eight-day clock. Near at hand a number of tall bottles and jars with fair olive complexion, dressed in the uniform yellow monastic robe, and attentive to every word or signal from the master, who, under the auspices or probationers of the order, who minister to his immediate wants; modestly to silence—remove the cloth which has spread for his morning meal, for him is in the host, shield him from the sun as he walks, or now and then to fan him with a large leaf. We are received with an air of apparent indifference and offered a low cushion for our use, which we decline, and to chew his betel nut in silence and await our opening of the conversation, we may note his personal appearance. His head is entirely shaven. His chin is dark and his cheeks are shaven, and his dress is the uniform dress of sombre yellow cloth so folded as to leave one arm completely bare, and to fall in graceful folds about the body. Common as this sense is to those who live and move in the country of a painter's canvas, and to step aside from a metalled high road, shirted by a line of hedgerow trees, such forms are strangely refresh to the eye from the nineteenth century back to the years before Christ.

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THE GREAT CHURCH OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

There is a belief of long-standing among the Greeks of Constantinople that the church of Sancta Sophia, now a mosque, shall be restored to Christianity. This grand building, which covers about 70,000 square feet—more than one and a half acres—was erected by Justinian in the sixth century. It was eight years in building, and when at last it stood complete, it appeared so marvellous in the eyes of all beholders that it was generally believed that an angel had built it and placed it there. It was the boast of the Greeks that it was thoroughly cleaned, and to secure this, most skins are washed in a strong solution of alum. The Chinese have a method of drying furs the world the best dressed furs, but this is not a positive fact. American dressed furs rank very high in point of excellence, and every year there is introduced some sort of innovation in this direction, which adds greatly to the superior manner of "procuring" skins ready for manufacturing purposes.

THE ALUM BEAUTIFIER.

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MEN'S BEARDS.

An Artist Writes of the Current Styles.

The proper way of wearing a beard, says the Art Journal, is ascertainable by a simple test. Its purpose is not to exhibit itself, but to ornament the face of the person that wears it. The idea is not that of a green board attached to the face, but of a face that is ornamented by a board. It should be of the nature of a covering, and therefore, is due proportion to what it covers. Hence, if it be long, the position of the chin and lips seems merely to abolish the chin altogether; but if it be short, it becomes a covering such as feathers are to a bird. Hence these effective, well-trimmed beards which are seen abroad, and give the effect, not of hair upon the jaw, but of the jaw made more effective by the hair. Such, indeed, become more important than the face itself. You see but the chin and the lips, nothing over the mustache between head and body. The truth is, all these rough, bushy beards become thus ever luxuriant and frowzy. They should be kept in harmony with the character of the figure, yet subordinate to it. When we see the figure of a gentleman, finely proportioned and reaching half-way down the waistcoat, we seem to be in the presence of some strange animal, if he wear a beard that is the unintelligent light of a face, but of the whole body, for this board has covered over the internal between the chest and the face. They should be disagreeably, from the strong relief, and the eye is thus deprived of its natural expression. It true and becoming, or rather unobjectionable proportion can be found by considering that the beard is not the face, but rather that it is the chin for the beard. The mustache or impurial is a fragment of the beard; a caprice as shabby as the beard when it is shaggy. A narrow tree is clipped in an old-fashioned garden. As regards an imperial it is to be remarked that it would be left upon the point of the chin, which is itself sufficiently prominent. The Vandyke which was much worn under the late Napoleon regime, was distasteful with prodigious waxing of the points and subsequent gilding, which added to the folly. It has grown accustomed to it, but, artistically, little can be said for it. To savages of a more or less childish stamp all the world over are as their circles of paint, and rings through the nose and ears. The Jew suggests the wearing of a panie, would take flight to the borders of Persia. But no such heavenly aid came to the darkhouse of the Jew, and the modern Mahomet on entering the city rode straight to the great church. Men, women and children were dirted across the dusty streets, and broke all the furniture, plate and ornaments disappeared so quickly that, in the words of Finlay, "on mighty Jew can pretended a first excuse of having been a Christian church." Mahomet II. found the city in ruins, and restored it with the rich marbles and the general splendor of the place. He caused the muezzins who were to call him to prayer from the towers, and the visitors advance to an inner recess where music and confusion are unheard, and where the monkish pedagogue is seated on the ground. By his side are curiously shaped boxes and baskets of lacquer, and other articles, containing betel out, water, and the like. Huge palm-leaf fans and monster gilded umbrellas lean against the wall, and in the midst of all this splendor surrounded by gilded images of Gaudama—the founder of Buddhism—in brass, marble, or silver, piles of dusty palm-leaf manuscripts, some of them richly illuminated, and bores of various sizes and forms ornamented with gilding and a kind of mosaic or inlaying with pieces of looking glass, which from the thickly carved ceiling, and amid the strange medley are carpets and vessels of English manufacture, and in a recess more splendid American eight-day clock. Near at hand a number of tall bottles and jars with fair olive complexion, dressed in the uniform yellow monastic robe, and attentive to every word or signal from the master, who, under the auspices or probationers of the order, who minister to his immediate wants; modestly to silence—remove the cloth which has spread for his morning meal, for him is in the host, shield him from the sun as he walks, or now and then to fan him with a large leaf. We are received with an air of apparent indifference and offered a low cushion for our use, which we decline, and to chew his betel nut in silence and await our opening of the conversation, we may note his personal appearance. His head is entirely shaven. His chin is dark and his cheeks are shaven, and his dress is the uniform dress of sombre yellow cloth so folded as to leave one arm completely bare, and to fall in graceful folds about the body. Common as this sense is to those who live and move in the country of a painter's canvas, and to step aside from a metalled high road, shirted by a line of hedgerow trees, such forms are strangely refresh to the eye from the nineteenth century back to the years before Christ.

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THE SOUK MOTHER.

An idle married woman who does not care for her husband, who either has no children or else takes no interest in them, must have something to occupy her time in life. This the souk of a woman who has risen from the ranks and attained that social position which the judicious expenditure of a large fortune can generally give, at least, in Paris. She must take up some line to make her feeling secure. She must discover a rising star in art, science or literature, and bring him before the public. Perhaps she will discover a genius, like herself and the passion of her life is for music. She is utterly ignorant of the subject, and without any natural taste, but, meeting by chance a struggling young artist with long hair and nimble fingers, she decides that he is the composer of the future, and invites him to her "at home." As he turns out to be even more beautiful than she had hoped, he is at once adopted as child of the house, and given a footstool at his new mother's knee. He comes after breakfast, and remains to lunch. The silent and long-suffering husband who expresses forward him no paternal feelings. On the contrary, he pets and spoils him while his wife plays duets with the rising genius. Thus, the poor youth has a certain fatal facility, and can time-beat, and has a fine motive, with a dexterous accompaniment formed out of the "Invitation to the Dance" and variations, though numerous, are always slightly incoherent. There seems no particular reason why they should be counted as compositions at all. They seem invariably to be studies of chords or exercises for various accidental points of view. Here and there a truly sweet little air is begun, but it vanishes unfinished, and the attention is distracted by a great convulsion of Nature, on the Algerian coast in Africa, changing the whole face of things and ending. Hector Servadac, a dashing soldier, and his man, Ben Zouf, in contact with an international party of savants, have many wonderful exploits and strange bewilderments constitute the staple of the book, which can only be characterized as amusing in the highest degree. Its details are somewhat full to be sure, but, though their nature may make it not entirely suitable for reading in the family circle, it is not indecent. Jules Verne has no rival in the world, and his popularity is such as good as anything he has ever written. The character-sketching in it is remarkably vivid and life-like, and the whole story is told in a full of striking realism. The book has thirty-six full page illustrations, which are executed in the best style of wood cut work, are printed on fine quality of paper, and is very handsomely bound in cloth, attractively stamped and ornamented in black and gold. It is a nice size, and contains 401 pages. "To the Sun?" comes in time as long as they have any excuse left for delaying.

Warmest do quickly what there is no hurry for, to be able to do slowly what demands haste.

Excess of grief for the deceased is malicious for it is an injury to the living and the dead know it not.

The discovery of what is true, and the practice of what is good, are the most important objects of life.

The rich find relations in the most remote foreign countries; the poor not even in the bosom of their own family.

Have the courage to speak to a friend in a "seedy" coat, even though you are in company with a rich one, and richly attired.

In the affairs of life, activity is preferred to dignity, and practised energy and despatch to powerful talents supported by sloth.

Trust art in the end what thou art. Put on wigs with millions of curls, eat thy fost upon a high rocks. Thou abidest ever—what thou art.

LITERARY NOTES.

Messrs. S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago, have just published "Echoes from Mist-Land; or, The Shakespeare Era," by Asher Forestier. This work is a charming rendition into clear and beautifully flowing English prose of the old German epic poem, which, written by unknown troubadours in the days of the Crusades, lingered for long years hidden away in the old monastic libraries of Germany, from which its classic riches it was snatched through the researches of scholars. Wagner made The Nibelungen Lay famous by the production of his legendary operas at the Bayreuth Festival, and later created a wide spread desire to hear more about it. This want Mr. Forestier has admirably supplied, and his translation should have an extended circulation. "The Nibelungen Lay" treats of chivalry and love, and though its pages resounds the clash of arms. It has also much of the purest natural about it, and there is a great deal said about the castanian of the spiritual forces in account of "English Domestics and their Ways." There is a story of French International Law, "Another Space." The work has been admirably translated into excellent English by Edward Bath, who has not only preserved the original even in the most trifling respect, but has maintained all the characteristics of its peculiar style. "To the Sun?" is, of course, a wild, extravagant romance, in which science, adventure, daring and fancy are all combined and mingled. A great convulsion of Nature, on the Algerian coast in Africa, changing the whole face of things and ending. Hector Servadac, a dashing soldier, and his man, Ben Zouf, in contact with an international party of savants, have many wonderful exploits and strange bewilderments constitute the staple of the book, which can only be characterized as amusing in the highest degree. Its details are somewhat full to be sure, but, though their nature may make it not entirely suitable for reading in the family circle, it is not indecent. Jules Verne has no rival in the world, and his popularity is such as good as anything he has ever written. The character-sketching in it is remarkably vivid and life-like, and the whole story is told in a full of striking realism. The book has thirty-six full page illustrations, which are executed in the best style of wood cut work, are printed on fine quality of paper, and is very handsomely bound in cloth, attractively stamped and ornamented in black and gold. It is a nice size, and contains 401 pages. "To the Sun?" comes in time as long as they have any excuse left for delaying.

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HOUSEKEEPER.

THE CENTURY.—The half-monthly of the first rying rank until thoroughly done; then into sugar, which grandulated sugar, one pound of butter, and a tablespoonful of ginger, one of cinnamon, and a tablespoonful of cloves, one cup of molasses, and a tablespoonful of saleratus dissolved in a little hot water, and as much flour as will make a stiff dough. Roll out and bake in a quick oven.

Fine cake.—Take quarter and rose the apples, boil in just enough water to cover, do not stir them. Then add sugar to taste, and boil down to a jelly; then the water, and when the candied apples are dry rub through a sieve, and to every pint of pulp add one pound of sugar, the juice of one lemon, and the grated rind of two. Boil all together until it is a thick jelly.

Pie crust.—Take one pound of flour, one pound of butter, one pound of lard, one pint of water, one egg, one teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of saleratus, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar. Rub the butter, lard and flour together, dissolve the saleratus in the water, add the cream of tartar to the flour, and mix with the egg and salt. Roll out and bake in a quick oven.

Cream pie.—Take one pint of milk, one cup of sugar, one egg, one tablespoonful of flour, one teaspoonful of corn starch, one teaspoonful of vanilla. Boil the milk, sugar, flour and corn starch together, and when cool add the egg and vanilla. Bake with one crust.

Lemon pie.—Take one lemon, one cup of sugar, one cup of water, one tablespoonful of corn starch, one egg. Grate the lemon, add the sugar, water and corn starch, and boil until it is thick. When cool add the egg

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SATURDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 1, 1877.

RHODA BROUGHTON.

Among the romantic mountains and alleys of Wales lives, for the greater part of her time, a sprightly and intellectual-looking little lady, of about thirty years of age, who, in a comparatively short literary career, has, perhaps, done more to corrupt the taste of the young and thoughtless than any other woman who has ever written for the public. This lady is the celebrated Miss Rhoda Broughton, the chosen apostle of the "fleshy" school of novel-writing. She has an ardent love of natural scenery, and describes it to the pages of her books with rare felicity and power, but there all commendation of her fictious must stop, for they are, for the most part, mere records of immorality and pointless stories animated by sentiments that must necessarily unfit them for the young people, hold for all pure and vigorous thought. Miss Broughton's personal character is above reproach, and the reader knowing this fact is forced to the conclusion that such simple unlearned ability in her own innocence of heart, cannot conceive the evils which are sure to be produced by the ungarnished expressions and circumstantial details in which the personages she introduces in her romances indulgingly dwell.

From a perusal of "Cometh up as a Flower," "Not Wisely, but Too Well," and "Red, Red," Broughton's most prominent and popular novels, we learn that to a novel-writer it is only necessary to have a commonplace plot, to be versed in the "negative" arrangement, and to lead a purposeless, immoral or criminal life, whilst to become a heroine the qualifications are a weak person and strong intellect, every sympathy being extended to both to the most deplorable ones. These ideas are hurtful in the extreme, and Miss Broughton cannot be too severely censured for launching them on the world, especially as she gave them in a time of unusual mental activity and intensities, that eagerly for learn by teaching the thoughtless and young to look upon grave errors of conduct as trifling matters at the worst. If such facts as fill the pages of her books are to made the subject of a novel, they should be treated sternly. No doubt ought to be permitted to exist that the writer condemns the evils depicted and the vile characters brought on the stage of action. If ever he remains doubting to which they be than virtue, as Miss Broughton seems to think, let it not, therefore, even though inadvertance, be stripped of any of its repulsive enormities and let not the moral lessons its representation should always teach be in any way obscured.

When Miss Broughton is not popular, as her admirers phrase it, she is solely sentimental to a suffering degree. This is to be noticed in "Joan," which is not so vicious as her other books are, but "Cometh up as a Flower" and "Not Wisely but Too Well" and is, perhaps, less objectionable in a tonic point of view. "Joan" is, however, in a family passby, trashy frivolous tale of the most rash and unbecoming description. It is a story describing the vapid dual history of the Malbeys and their dogs and the wearing details of Colonel Wolfenham's love making. It may, we think with very little trouble qualify themselves for writing another novel of the same stamp. Miss Broughton must be suggestive or nothing and when she steps aside even ever so little, from the "fleshy" style her matter become commonplace, and her style flat and limping.

In "Cometh up as a Flower" Miss Broughton has painted a very fleshy heroine in Nellie Le Strange, a wretched creature, whose eternal drivel of suggestiveness must always have an evil effect upon the majority of those who have the patience to read it. The authoress, no doubt, considers Nellie an innocent girl and her vile talk a species of attractive naivete; but, alas, on these points nobody will agree with her. The train of thought and mode of life adopted by Miss Le Strange will become the train of thought and mode of life of many silly fools who can and discuss her vile history and polluting reflections, and therein consists the harm of bringing such people, such thoughts and such ways before the public without holding them up to deserved censure, and this Miss Broughton notoriously fails to do.

Why such a book as "Not Wisely but Too Well" is permitted to circulate in a respectable household is inconceivable. It is the life of a miserable little flirt and of a man ill only to live in a Turkish harem. Yet Miss Broughton says she "loves Kate, and finds it sweet to talk of her," whilst she devotes three pages to a description of Colonel Dare Stamer's "superior intelligence and splendid physical conformation." Such a character as this man should have been strongly denounced, whilst a girl like Kate should have been represented as unfit to live anywhere outside of Turkey or Utah. Under Miss Broughton's treatment, on the contrary, the Colonel seems a fine, dashing sort of fellow, such as any girl would fall in love with, and not much weight is attached to the fact that he is a married man, whilst his passion for Kate is treated as an amiable weakness and not as a crime. Kate herself is pictured as a sweet innocent, notwithstanding the circumstance that she clings to the Colonel in the full knowledge that he already has a wife.

If we are to judge from the majority of her works, Miss Broughton's method of novel-building is a very simple one, and, apparently, gives her but little trouble. She seems to be of opinion that for the plot of a romance any tale of vice will serve, whilst for style an intimate acquaintance with certain doubtful French fictions and some knowledge of current every-day slang are sufficient in the way of models for imitation. That novels like Miss Broughton's, gotten up in such a manner as we have hinted at above, should have an enormous circulation in decent society is a sad commentary on the taste of the present day.

THANKSGIVING.

Thanksgiving has been called the advance-guard of Christmas, and justly so, for, truth to tell, it forms a very appropriate introduction to the great holiday season of the year, and, if celebrated in the proper spirit, ought to put people in a suitable frame of mind for keeping the festival of Christ's nativity as it should be kept. Thanksgiving was instituted that all might recognize the benefits conferred on them during the year by Divine Providence, and might offer to Him their humble thanks therefor. Its institution was a happy thought, and its regular enforcement, annually, is at least an acknowledgement of the supreme goodness of God, that it is fitting that the people of the United States as a nation should make. Thanksgiving is a holiday that rich and poor alike should participate in heartily, for there is no one in the land who is not a great deal to be thankful for.

Not many years ago a certain prominent statesman remarked, apropos of the usual Thanksgiving proclamation, that he could not see what the American people had at that time to be grateful for. To be sure, it was a period of great national distress and financial prostration, but for all that the statesman only showed his own blindness in his assertion that there was nothing for the people, individually and collectively, had much for which their heartfelt thanks were justly due to the Giver of all good, and at all times the situation is the same. Men cannot see beyond their shadows where the thoughtless and ungrateful are not very few capable of recognizing the fact that in this world our trials are invariably for our benefit, and that we are made to suffer apparent evil that good may result. The ways of God are inscrutable, and it is a blessing to mortals that they are so.

Thanksgiving finds our people, this year, in a state far different from that in which they were when the prominent statesman made his cynical remark. As a nation and individuals, however, we have suffered fully during the past twelve months. Certain it is that our blessings have not come unalloyed, but still we have had blessings, and for those we should be thankful and, no doubt, are. Aside from its religious aspect, Thanksgiving has social and holiday aspects that must ever make it a welcome visitor. It is a day of family reunion, a day when the family board bears a feast, be that feast humble or sumptuous; a day when the mellow light of the old hearth shines on parents and children. Verily, Thanksgiving is a festival that touches the heart, and has a pronounced influence in making people wiser and better than they are.

OUR SANCTUM CHAT.

O it Southern readers will be glad to hear that the projectors of the Barataria ship canal, from the Gulf to the Mississippi canal, appear to be most energetic and persevering in their efforts to secure at an early day the completion of their grand work. The people all along the Mississippi and its tributaries will hail the completion of this work with delight, for it will bring them a nearer, cheaper and safer route to the whooping cough in a pair of twins. By a mistake a recipe for making soda was accidentally inserted, and the same attached, and received this answer which we publish for the encouragement of tonsil, appeal

OLD TIMES.

There's a beautiful song on the shoreborne air
That drifts through the valley of dreams;
It comes from a village where the roses are fair,
And a tuneful heart, and bright brown hair
That waved in the morning beams.

Soft eyes of azure, and eyes of brown,
And eyes whose lashes are black as night,
A glimmering cross and a glittering crown,
A charge that end a bell of down,
Lost hopes and leaflets of prayer.

There's a tincture of grief in the beautiful song
That floats from the village to-day,
A tunefulness felt in the festive throng
Scattered in the cool and shadowy dells along
From a clime where the roses are.

We heard it first at the dawn of day,
And it grew more sweet with each chime;
But years have changed the beautiful lay,
And left us only fourth from our way,
And we call it now "Old Times."

From Gloom to Sunlight.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DORA THORNE," "WIFE IN NAME ONLY," "A BRIDE FROM THE SEA," ETC.

CHAPTER V.—(CONTINUED.)

They were mild words, but the ear knew how to catch the harrow—he must go. He went the next day and found Hildred at home and alone. He hesitated when he heard that she was alone; he had not wished for a tete-a-tete. What was he to say to her? He could not feign love-making. He had always admired fair women with golden hair; this girl had hair as dark as night, and a sparkling face. He was compelled to marry her, but he had not an idea as to what he should say to her.

He was shown into the pretty drawing-room where Hildred could be found. She looked up when the door was announced, and placed her book on the table. She bowed coldly, not knowing what to say. She had wished him to call, but she felt, now that he was really there, uncertain how to entertain him. Had he been an ordinary friend of her father's, she would have sought for and found some topic of conversation that would interest him. She looked into the earl's handsome face, and, remembering that in ten days she was to become his wife, she was silent. Looking at her, he remembered the same, and turned away with a sigh of despair.

"How dark her hair and eyes are," he thought to himself. "If I purchase a picture, I can please myself about its coloring; in taking a wife I have not even that privilege."

"I have not interrupted you, I hope, Miss Ransome?" he said. "You were reading—may I ask what?"

She held the book out for him to see.

"German?" he cried. "Do you read German?"

"Yes, and speak it. I like it," she replied. "I like German literature, after English, better than any."

"Better than French?" he asked.

"Yes, much better," she replied—"English first, German next."

"I thought all the ladies preferred French to German," he said, "because it is lighter and more graceful."

"Do all ladies prefer the light and graceful?" she asked.

"Do they not, Miss Ransome?" he replied.

"Nay," said Hildred, "it seems to me that we ask each other questions without waiting for the replies."

"I have never learned German," he said, absolutely.

"Then you will never make an ambassador as a diplomatist," she remarked; "they require to know many languages."

He looked at her, wondering at her words.

"I have no particular wish to be either," he said.

"Have you not? I wonder at that. If I had been a man of position, I should have liked to be an ambassador. I like any occupation, any employment that exercises one's brains, and always imagine diplomatists to be accomplished men."

"And you admire accomplished men, Miss Ransome? I think you must, indeed, since diplomatists are seldom sincere or truthful men."

"Insincerity and untruth are not confined to them," she replied.

And Lord Caraven began to think that perhaps she was fond of argument.

He talked to her about Goethe, but not with her enthusiasm—he could not even understand it. He was fairly startled at last, when, rising her dark, lovely eyes to his face, she said:

"You must excuse me the impression of having been asleep the greater part of your life."

He was startled, but he answered:

"On the contrary, I have been remarkably wide-awake. I am just the age of enthusiasm."

"It is better to be at an age to be full of enthusiasm," she said, calmly. "I call it the salt of life."

He remained talking to her for half an hour. They were to be married in ten days, yet he said no word of love. He did not mention their marriage, or even allude to it ever so distantly.

He might have been the merest stranger, the most unconcerned of guests. He took his leave, and even then he did not offer to touch the hand that she held out to him.

It was very strange. When he was gone she took up her book, but she could not read.

This man who had been talking to her with such indifference, who had spent one solitary half-hour with him, and evidently felt it to be a dull one—this man who had not paid her the least compliment, who had not even touched her hand—was in ten days' time to be her husband, the arbiter of her destiny, the master of her life!

How strange it was! He had asked her to marry him, yet he did not mention the word "love."

Did he love her? Was his nonchalant, indifferent style of wooing fashionable? Would he ever talk of love to her at all? Why were her thoughts always running on that one word "love?"

She was restless, anxious, not unhappy, but puzzled. In ten days' time she would be a wife—she would enter the realm that poets call fairyland. Oh, if this were all, love was a cheat, a delusion, a snare—there was nothing in life! It was simply a question of existence—in a while a glowing, luxurious future would be before her.

"You must have a clever maid Hildred," said Arley Ransome. "Ask Lady Riche to find you one."

Lady Riche succeeded, and Hildred rejoiced in the attendance of a bright, quick Parisienne, who found constant employment in dressing her mistress would be acknowledged one of the most beautiful women in England.

"She wants a little training; she will have to trained," said Lady Riche to her son, "before we see." reported Amice. "I have never seen a face or figure of greater promise."

The day before Hildred's wedding-day the Hall was filled with guests—all was gayety and confusion; there had been so many visitors, the number of costly presents was so great. Late in the evening a magnificent bridal bouquet arrived from Paris. The next day the wedding-breakfast was all prepared; the trunks containing all that was needed of the grand trousseau were packed and corded—the labels were already addressed, "Lady Caraven, passenger to Paris," for the earl had decided on spending the so-called honeymoon there; every detail of the morrow's ceremony was arranged, and late at night Hildred Ransome stood with the earl's bouquet in her hand.

They revealed nothing to her, those odorous flowers; they were of magical sweetness, but they brought her no message. There was something pathetic in the picture—the drawing-room full of strange shadows, the light of the lamp falling where she stood, a contrast to the darkness around. She wore a dressing-gown of white, soft, clinging material, fastened with crimson cords, her wealth of dark hair lay negligently over her shoulders, her eyes were bright with rushed tears.

It was a sweet, sad girlish face; a motherly woman looking at it would have drawn the girl's head down on her breast, and have soothed her with loving words. The morrow would be her wedding-day; the tired servants were all sleeping, her attentive little maid had gone to rest, her father had retired quite early to his room. The morrow would be her wedding day, and they had told her she could live without love.

Her wedding-day! No laughing young sisters came to talk over the great event with her; no gentle, loving mother folded her in her arms, and prayed heaven to bless her in her new life; no laughing, bright, fond schoolfriends came to share her confidences, or, more quite alone, her heart aching and burning with a new sense of desolation and loneliness.

Her wedding-day! Her toilet table was laden with jewels; her fance had been lavish in his presents; no duchess had more elegant or costly surroundings—yet she would have given all, she thought, for some one to love and comfort her. Her wedding-day! Yet he had not by word or look said a fond word to her. He had only his card and his compliments; there was no promise of the love that was to come after marriage, not one kindly word to allay her doubts and fears.

There could be no picture more touching than this of the lonely girl with the flowers in her hand. She had turned to them as she would have turned to the truest friend, to the lover, who on the morrow was to be her husband, had not been near, but he had sent the flowers, and, in her forlorn fashion, she had decided she should get some comfort from them.

But they revealed nothing to her. The costly blossoms lay cold, and fragrant, without meaning.

As she stood holding them, there came into her mind a story she had read of a young girl on her wedding eve—a girl who had stolen out in the sweet, soft starlight to meet her lover by the rose-embowered gate. She remembered the story told how the gallant young lover had kissed his bride—kissed her lips and her hands, calling her by every sweet name a lover could think of, and how the bride had stood under the starlight, amongst the trees and the flowers, how full of hope and happiness the young lover went away, and was never seen again.

She remembered how she had envied her face flushed—her heart beat. She dreamed of how she would have liked to steal out under the stars and hear her handsome lover whisper sweet words to her.

She was desolate and lonely. The stars were shining, the wind was whispering low—but no lover was near. She held the flowers to her face.

"Tell me, pretty blossoms," she said, "have you no message from him? None? Then, if in all this world one sentiment is more false than another, it must surely be this:

"There's nothing true in love,
As Love's young dream."

CHAPTER VI.

Hildred Ransome did not seem to understand either the day or the event until she stood before the altar in St. George's Church. Then with a cold shock and a cold, dull pain, the full realization came to her. She felt that she had wedding day, and she was about to marry the handsome, indifferent earl, who stood by her side. All that had passed before seemed like a dream. The wedding-day had come at last. There came a confused vision of maids-in-waiting, of silk and lace, jewels and flowers. She had heard her own maid say Amice, say:

"Your young lady, it is hard to have neither mother nor sister!"

Lady Riche had swept into the room, and had admired the wedding dress. The only sensation that Hildred had had was one of cold, sick distaste. Then she was dressed, her father had kissed her, and said:

"You will make a beautiful countess, Hildred.

She had thought the morning might bring some token from her lover—a note or a present—something to remind her of him; but it did not, and her heart misgave her sorely. Then, after a long time, she found herself in the fashionable church of St. George's, Hanover Square. There was a string of carriages outside; the church was crowded with spectators. She could hear the hum, the odor of flowers, the rustle of silk, the gleaming of satins, the shining of rare gems, with the white-robed minister before her and the handsome earl by her side, she realized that the day was here at last—the day; hitherto every thing had seemed as in a dream.

When would the reality grow less bitter to her? When would she cease to remember that, standing by her side, the fact that she must avoid even touching the silk dress and wedding-veil—that when his hand touched hers it was cold? No loving pressure reassured her; he barely touched the finger tips he averted his face, and never once, during the whole of the ceremony, looked at her. Would she ever forget the hard, cold voice that repeated the impressive words, "to love and to cherish till death us do part?" How false it was! Who could look at him and believe that he loved her?

It seemed to her that she passed through a sea of faces, that people crowded round her as she went down the church. She saw the long line of carriages, the profusion of wedding favors. She made no attempt to speak; if she had done so she would have lost herself in a passion of tears.

At home again, her father took her in his arms and kissed her, whispering:

"My daughter, the Countess of Caraven."

Lady Riche had attempted a very mild caress.

"It went off very well," she said. "Lord Caraven looked tired. I had no idea we should have so many people there. I hope my fiche was all right. There were some very handsome dresses."

"A splendid wedding," put in Lord St. Maure. "I feel that I have been busy to-day in a good cause."

But the man who had married Hildred Ransome spoke not a word.

Then came the wedding breakfast. Arley Ransome made a speech, described the day as the proudest of his life, passed a magnificent eulogium on the bride, and Lord Caraven's. There was deep silence when the newly made husband stood up to make his speech. No one quite knew why, but an uncomfortable sensation came over all. He had little to say—he will had put into words the thoughts that surged through his brain, he would have said, "Ladies and gentlemen—I have been a spendthrift and a prodigal; I have wasted my substance; I have spent a large fortune—but I have committed the shabbiest, wickedest act of my life to-day. I have married a young girl for her money, and I could not even like her; what is still worse, I never shall."

That was what he thought. What he said was an indistinct murmur, an attentive listener could distinguish only the words "honor," "pleasure," and "future."

The Earl sat down without having once looked at the face of his wife.

It seemed to her that she had been sitting there for hours; a small bunch of purple grapes lay on her plate, a glass of wine stood untouched by her side; some one was speaking to her, appealing to her by her new name.

"What does Lady Caraven say?"

She did not know what had preceded the question, so could not answer it; but she looked round with a smile that satisfied the questioner.

Then the carriage drove up to the door, and the bride went to change her dress. Lady Riche went with her; the girl's forlorn manner and wistful face had touched even that worldly heart.

"I hope you will be happy, Lady Caraven," she said. "When they read the account of your wedding, every woman in London will envy you."

"Envy me?" she re-echoed. "I who have neither mother nor sisters?"

"My dear Lady Caraven, you have a husband and a father, which I think better. Let me give you one little bit of advice. You are quite young, and you are inexperienced; nothing to do with sentiment, and, as far as possible, care more for yourself than any one else."

"That is not a happy marriage;" thought Lady Riche, as she turned away. "What a sad face the girl has! Yet she has married an earl. Well, some people are never satisfied."

Lord Caraven bade Lady Riche shook hands with Arley Ransome, cutting short a gushing speech that the lawyer had carefully prepared. Then Arley Ransome was touched by the hand, he said that Lord Caraven was in the morning-room, waiting to say good-by to him there alone.

The tender arms were clinging round him, the dark eyes looked with a sad, wistful face, full of unspoken inquiry not near his own.

"Papa," she whispered, and there was an agony of entreaty in her voice, "you are quite sure that you have not deceived me—you are quite sure that I can be happy without love?"

He laughed.

"You will find that the Countess of Caraven has more to think about than a trifle like love, Hildred."

Her arms fell from him; she raised her sad, sweet girlish face from his breast.

"I will believe you, papa," she said; "I will trust you to the very end."

As the door closed, Arley and Arley Ransome would have spent a far happier day if those words had not lingered with him.

* * * *

Hildred was alone with her husband at last. Now surely he would say something to her—speak to her of that love that he must feel for her; he would not keep up the same indifference, the same coldness. The words that she thirsted for, that she longed to hear, he would surely utter; surely he would bend over her and say something, were it only the old words, "I love you."

What were his first words? She had thought of many things that he might say to her—sweet, tender words; the reality was far different. He leaned back with an air of utter weariness.

"I never remember to have found time pass as slowly in my life," he said. "The sun is not down—would you like the carriage-hood raised?"

She made no answer. He did not even seem to notice it.

"I wish," he said, "some one would bring in a bill for the abolition of wedding breakfasts. Her face flushed with anger.

"A bill for the abolition of weddings would be even better," she said.

He looked at her, understanding her that he laughed. "The pain in her voice did not reach him.

"Do you like being on the sea at night?" he inquired, after a long pause.

"I scarcely known my own likes or dislikes yet," she replied. "Why do you ask?"

"Because the boat leaves Dover for Calais about eleven, and I thought we would take it."

"As you please," she replied.

Her face was quite pale, her lips were white and pressed firmly together, but her heart was so full of desolation that words could not describe. He wondered at her silence, her gravity.

It is the height of the season at Dover, and the band was playing on the pier. He sat with his wife in the dining-room of the "Lord Warden," when he saw her suddenly start as though she was frightened. She covered her face with her hands, and when she looked up again her eyes were dim with tears.

It was all because the band was playing "Love's Young Dream."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Bonapart in Italy—1796.

At last Bonapart appeared. He was in the uniform of a General in command, and wore his boots, for he could ride well. His air and demeanor was grave and cold. He listened in silence to the pirouhlte of the Piedmontese General, and his only answer was to ask if he had not a copy of the terms he had named, and if they had not been accepted by the King and upon some complaint of the harshness of the terms, he added: "Since offering them I have taken Alba. I do not advance upon my former demands. You ought to know it. It would be to your anxiety being shown lest his Majesty might be forced into some measures contrary to the wishes of his people. At his pointing toward his present allies, Bonapart exclaimed in a solemn tone: "God forbid that I should exact from you anything contrary to the laws of honor!" To the endeavors that were made to prove to him the slight advantage that he would obtain from certain of the concessions required, and Count Graneul, the chief envoy of the Pope at Valeccia, he replied with some sharpness: "When you departed you called the command of an army to me; she thought I had sufficient discernment to determine matters conducive to the interest, without having to take counsel with the enemy." Except for this slight sarcasm, in which his tone was raised, and his countenance lighted up, Bonapart was always cold, polished, and laconic during that portion of the audience that preceded the pecuniary discussion. At the end of the meeting, he drew out his watch, and seeing that the Piedmontese had not come to any other reasoning to any decisive result, he said to the commissioners: "Gentlemen, I give you notice that the general could not wait for two o'clock, and if I am not assured that one will be placed in my hands before the end of the day, this armistice will be at an end." Bonapart was always cold, polished, and laconic during that portion of the audience that preceded the pecuniary discussion. At the end of the meeting, he drew out his watch, and seeing that the Piedmontese had not come to any other reasoning to any decisive result, he said to the commissioners: "Gentlemen, I give you notice that the general could not wait for two o'clock, and if I am not assured that one will be placed in my hands before the end of the day, this armistice will be at an end."

Nona.

Nona stood by the window, deeply considering.

How the beautiful prospect, the world of rose-hues, wax-lights, and golden promises allured her!

After all, would she be doing justice to herself or to the rest if she declined the broader, brighter life stretching out before her?

Every one added to the burden pressing on the Redman paternal shoulders, the cloud of care had not been allowed to fall upon Nona, but she knew in a vague way that the general shabbiness which had stolen by imperceptible degrees over the family was unavoidable in making the two ends meet; even her support removed would be a lightening of the load.

"I have made up my mind," she said, with sudden resolution, turning to make the announcement just as the door opened and Robert came in.

"Going? That is right," he said, approvingly, while a storm of reproaches and remonstrances broke forth from the younger boys.

They had a better right to her than Mrs. McIlvane; how would she get along without half a dozen fellows to fight her battles, and—what in this wide world would they do without Nona?

"Oh, I will be placed so I can make that all right. Do you think I am going to take all the benefits and give you none? There shall be a shower of golden fairy gifts, take my word for it, and such things have a wonderful effect in shaking broken hearts, I've heard."

Mrs. Redman looked up in surprise at this burst of cynicism from Nona, but the girl had flitted away, with the momentary bitterness welling up into low, passionate cry as she found herself alone.

"Oh, it is well I am to go when he shows I have worn out my welcome here."

The next moment she was ashamed of herself for that ungenerous and unwarranted reflection upon those whose affection had never failed her, but the knowledge that Robert would willingly see her depart hurt her all the while.

She could not know what stern repression the young fellow had put upon himself, how he had argued that it would be unfair to take advantage of her generous nature when she stood upon the threshold of the sphere to which she properly belonged, or what strong faith he had that she would go through the world unscathed.

She was not aware of these things.

Motherly Mrs. Redman had taken the lonely little orphan into her heart and home.

All the boys from manly Bob down to tiny Steve vied with each other in doing homage to the little queen.

That was the state of affairs when Mrs. McIlvane came in her carriage one day with a proposition that set the whole house in a flutter.

"My dear," said the stately old lady, "your father was dear to me once as a son. I hope his daughter will not refuse to me the comfort and happiness which she alone can give. Every advantage I can offer she shall have. These good people have a family of their own; they will not miss you, and it is a very lonely old woman who is begging for the boon of your companionship."

She might have added a very despotic and jealous old woman, too, who had already resolved that the day which should transplant this flower of girlhood to her own home should sever her connection with the "good people" to whom Mrs. McIlvane signified her desires with affable condescension. And so Nona passed from the humble home which was the sphere of wealth, fashion and splendor, where Mrs. McIlvane was proud to introduce her protegee.

The freshness and sweetness which had charmed her patroness had power to charm the world at least that part of the world which was embodied in Mark Chantrey.

Mrs. McIlvane looked with consternation.

Mark was her ideal of perfection as nearly as it might be attained among mankind.

"You do not know how to appreciate the honor of his attentions at half their worth," she declared, and added that Nona was quite too little impressed. "He is a man who has been free from the follies of most men; he has never amused himself by paying idle homage to women, and I believe is incapable of even a deep attachment that he has been so entirely untouched during all the years when he might have chosen among the very dower of our belles."

"It argues either very poor taste or a very absorbed mind on his part," answered Nona.

But in her secret heart she was flattered by Chantrey's preference for her society.

She had an honest liking for the man, and enough feminine malice to enjoy a triumph which was so widely envied her; and yet, if she could be asked to say that she consented with him deliberately.

She had never stopped to analyze her own feelings, when she was suddenly faced by the crisis which others had foreseen while she had only vaguely felt that it might come. Mark Chantrey had asked her to become his wife.

She sat in her own room "thinking it out."

She was troubled, uneasy and oppressed.

She had Robert's picture before her, the still boyish face, thinner, paler than it should have been from overwork, the brown eyes wistful and tender as she had so often met them.

Could she, after all the fine delights of wealth, ever willingly relinquish the advantages it held, and go back contentedly to the old, humble lot with its struggles and its privations?

Little by little her look of trouble had died out before a growing resolution, but somehow one-half of the sweetness seemed to have died, too, from the face that looked out.

The next day was one of respite. She would not see Mark until evening, then she would meet him and give him her answer.

Mrs. McIlvane made a point of making an early appearance, and it argued ill for Mr. Chantrey's impatience as a lover that he was not present when Nona's eyes sought him in the throng.

When he did come he did not immediately join her. He was in close conversation with the editor of a leading paper, and as they drifted near her she overheard the latter say:

"The articles were favorable, but the first in their marked originality and real merit. In securing young Redman we have made an important acquisition. I tell you he is a rising genius destined to leave his mark."

"Yes," assented Mr. Chantrey, and as his interest in the subject flagged he turned towards the spot where Nona had stood, but she was there no more.

She had found an obscure corner and hidden herself in the shadows.

Ambition and gratified vanity had almost stifled her better self, but for whom her deepest feeling was friendly regard.

She knew it, now that her pulses were thrilling and heart beating high with the pride of having Robert spoken of in such terms of praise. And realizing her own needs and capabilities, she felt that life held grander possibilities than the empty honor of wifehood with one who had never aroused the enthusiasm in his course and attained the placid level of existence in which his best efforts were already expended.

Chantrey found her there, and while it would be most unjust to say that he did not feel her gentle but unmistakable declension of his suit keenly and sincerely, he was not a man to let a disappointment in love make any difference in the routine of his daily life.

And Nona walked in upon the Redman circle next evening just as it had been made complete.

"Do you really care enough for me to take me back again?" she asked, smiling tearfully. "Because I have offended beyond redemption. I was never much help, I'm afraid; but you must not think, Mrs. McIlvane has spoiled me for all good."

"Dear child," from happy Mrs. Redman, "it was like losing the sunshine when you left us."

And all the rest were eager with their welcoming assurances—all but Robert. He had not words, but his eyes spoke for him.

He spoke for himself on another subject before they parted for the night.

"If you had not come back to us I should have gone to you, Nona. I hardly dared to hope for this time when I should be saying to you, 'I love you, sweet,' and yet I believed in it so fully that I never lost heart to work and strive. Do you know why?"

"I know that I am fated to have a celebrity for a husband," she interrupted; "and that celebrity and that husband is yourself."

Cousin Tomlinson.

Penelope, who often wondered why it had been necessary to name her after her dead-and-gone great-grand-aunt, was growing up into a fine young woman. She was mature, and full of thought.

Her cousin, Tomlinson Perrybrook, then five and twenty, made up his mind to marry her, since in his estimation she was the prettiest, best and most desirable girl in the world, but she was only sixteen. He would say nothing yet—he would wait until she was seventeen, and then, with a grand flourish of trumpets, he would make his proposition, which was what he called "improving his place."

He laid out new roads, planted new trees, improved the garden, and gave the parlor a fine frescoed wall-paper, and a new Persian carpet, and velvet furniture.

Meanwhile, he said nothing to Penelope, having not the slightest doubt that she liked him and would say "Yes" whenever he said "Will you?"

Penelope did like him. She was secretly a good deal in love with him, and very much hurt that he did not make love to her. Every package of candy that came from Tomlinson himself. He was waiting for the seventeenth birthday.

Before that time Penelope went to London to pay a visit. There, at the house of a fashionable relative, she met a fashionable young man, who fell desperately in love with her. In her heart Penelope wished that Tomlinson would come in and take his place; but, as far as she knew, her cousin Tomlinson had no more than cousinly affection for her. Consequently, feeling that a boy youth was waning with the approach of her seventeenth birthday she accepted her first offer and came home with a big diamond on her finger to tell her father and mother and also Aunt Susan. They, in turn, told Cousin Tomlinson, who, having contrived to hide his emotion, escaped from them as soon as possible, and went home to shut himself up in the frescoed parlor he had furnished for unconscious Penelope and cry like a girl.

Life seemed at an end to the young man now this horrible thing had happened to him, and he wished he had asked the girl to decide his fate for him before she left home. A painful contest never her connection with the "good people" to whom Mrs. McIlvane signified her desires with affable condescension. And so Nona passed from the humble home which was the sphere of wealth, fashion and splendor, where Mrs. McIlvane was proud to introduce her protegee.

The freshness and sweetness which had charmed her patroness had power to charm the world at least that part of the world which was embodied in Mark Chantrey.

Mrs. McIlvane looked with consternation.

Mark was her ideal of perfection as nearly as it might be attained among mankind.

"You do not know how to appreciate the honor of his attentions at half their worth," she declared, and added that Nona was quite too little impressed. "He is a man who has been free from the follies of most men; he has never amused himself by paying idle homage to women, and I believe is incapable of even a deep attachment that he has been so entirely untouched during all the years when he might have chosen among the very dower of our belles."

"It argues either very poor taste or a very absorbed mind on his part," answered Nona.

But in her secret heart she was flattered by Chantrey's preference for her society.

She had an honest liking for the man, and enough feminine malice to enjoy a triumph which was so widely envied her; and yet, if she could be asked to say that she consented with him deliberately.

She had never stopped to analyze her own feelings, when she was suddenly faced by the crisis which others had foreseen while she had only vaguely felt that it might come. Mark Chantrey had asked her to become his wife.

She sat in her own room "thinking it out."

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poor young country lady felt very much ashamed of the silly secret hidden in her breast. She was in all respects a good wife and resolutely set herself to banish her cousin's image from her breast. She believed herself to have succeeded when ten years had gone by, but Tomlinson was still a bachelor and still kept the room he secretly called Penelope's parlor as a sort of secret hiding-place, who went at times very late in the evening with a disconsolate air to bewail his single blessedness and indulge in retrospection.

But a change was at hand. Mr. Dinwiddie, who was fond of horses, bought a fine-spirited creature in the morning and rode him out in the afternoon. That night Penelope kept dinner waiting long—in fact for ever. No one ever ate that dinner, it burned to cinders in the oven, for in the ghostly moonlight, as she sat at her window, she saw her husband's horse rush past like some black phantom without his rider. The poor fellow had been thrown miles back upon the lonely road, prone on his face, stone dead!

And so Penelope at twenty-seven was a widow.

As time passed and her grief softened she certainly looked very well in her cap. Cousin Tomlinson thought so, so did Mr. Wincher, who settled her husband's property. This time Cousin Tomlinson made up his mind promptly. Of course he would be considerate to Penelope's widow's grief with words of love. He would wait a year for decency and one month over for good measure.

He wrote down the date in his note-book and counted the days as a girl does those between the present and her first ball. Meanwhile he made no sign and kept away, and Mr. Winchester, being Mrs. Dinwiddie's legal gentleman, found it necessary to call on business many times.

The year tottered away on Time's old feet. The month after it waned and waned. Once or twice, when they met by chance, something like a tender remembrance of days lived and fancies in the widow's heart. But at the end of the year she remembered that he had not so much as called once. She gave a little sigh and looked at him.

"Twenty-seven is not seventeen," she said, as she pinned on her first white collar, and laid a little white crape bow. "I'm sure, at least, that Tomlinson cannot think of me now."

Just then a servant came to tell her that Mr. Wincher had called about the bit of mourning land.

On the twenty-fourth of December of 1869 and seven in the evening, as he had decided, Tomlinson Perry, just thirty-six, dressed himself with much care; observed, with some annoyance, that a spot as big as a dollar interfered with the straightness of the parting of his hair, and, buttoning a pair of pearl-colored kid gloves, betook himself to his cousin's residence.

He rang the bell, a girl answered it, and took in his card.

She returned to beg that he would wait a few moments. Tomlinson waited half an hour. Then a footman was waiting with the apology of her seventeenth birthday she accepted her first offer and came home with a big diamond on her finger to tell her father and mother and also her dead-beau. They, in turn, told Cousin Tomlinson, who, having contrived to hide his emotion, escaped from them as soon as possible, and went home to shut himself up in the frescoed parlor he had furnished for unconscious Penelope and cry like a girl.

Life seemed at an end to the young man now this horrible thing had happened to him, and he wished he had asked the girl to decide his fate for him before she left home. A painful contest began for the temptations of the city. Even then, however, he could not quite see how he could have done this, since he had quite resolved to wait until the seventeenth birthday was past.

There was nothing for it now but to get over his misery as well as he could, and he congratulated his cousin a year later on the close of the grate and he upon the other, in twin arm-chairs. He saw her driving the little pony phaeton he intended to buy for her down the road, and waving with his hand to the gate, and he was just three days' distance from home, and a woman whose heart has just been hurt is always readier to accept a salve for it in the shape of a new lover, as we call it. It would be easy enough for him to return home, and exhibit himself as Penelope's adorer in this moment of maiden humiliation. But this young man liked to marry, and that did not quite belong to himself. He had said that he would travel until November, and it seemed proper to do so, consequently he proceeded on his journey. Now Penelope, who had not loved her long ago, but only been pleased by his love for her, had thought a good deal about Cousin Tomlinson, whose new hegome face had given her a notion of the truth that she had not liked him before he set off upon his journey, and she had actually purposely made her lover-quarrel with her, and broken off her match on his account. Tell me cousin, how could he have had said, and momma had written. But when Cousin Tomlinson made no response Penelope grew angry when he did not return or even write to her from the other side of Italy. Angry? Angry? October had passed she began to think that she was an idiot to throw away a true heart for one that had no love for her, and that Tomlinson had been away long face for some other reason than her engagement.

The consequence was that when exactly on the 23d of November, as he had resolved in the first place, Cousin Tomlinson returned home, and to lose no time in making love, as soon as he had made himself presentable, with the firm intention of proposing to Penelope that very evening, he stood aghast at the sight of the parlor fitted up for a very pretty picture that dissolved before his gaze.

His cousin Penelope with a gentleman's arm about her waist.

Penelope in his suit.

"Who is that?" he asked, pointing to the picture.

"Mr. Dinwiddie," said his aunt.

"I thought you told me——" began Tomlinson.

"Only a lovers quarrel, after all," said the aunt, smilingly, and quite unaware of Tomlinson's anguish. "Love we made it up beautifully."

"They seem to have done so," said Tomlinson, remembering the deceiving vow.

He went away shortly after, and left his cousin to her happiness.

Miss Penelope married Mr. Dinwiddie this time, and really grew to love him, but there was something charming about her cousin Tomlinson, even as a poplar and prim as a quaker, which was exceedingly to her taste. His little pink mouth and narrow, well-drawn eyebrows were very, very pretty. His hair was always parted properly. There was no dust on his coat.

She sometimes contrasted him with her husband and wished that Heaven had given her such a man, but no one ever guessed it, and the

WHEN A SMALL-SIZED COUGH develops a Constant cough, that tears the throat and weakens the lungs, you may be sure the Lungs are seriously Diseased, and that a prompt resort to Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is demanded. Ayer's Expectorant is thoroughly adapted to speedily cure all Coughs, Colds, and Lung Troubles, and has been in the primary stages of Consumption and Bronchitis.

AN OUTDOOR GARDEN.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

My Autumn garden I was fain
To make as any Summer queen:
So in the sun-bare, sun-kissed corner
Where Autumn's languor can and finds,
Where the warm wall-side faces the noon,
Which lets you feel the sweet counterpart of June,
Here hoard the blossoms I brought in from the fields.

Round dazed asters by my garden walk
You see but coarse compared with them
Each of whose rays does' that rainbow which we
glimpse.
Stained, pinched, upon its stalk,
Bent hard and fast which could winds lack a
chance to do the least and last of all,
A dower to me for all the fall.

The Beauty in the Wood.

"Quarter an good fellow this last mile has been perfectly intolerable. If you do not reach your much-boasted hostelry soon, not only my horse, but I, myself, shall be utterly exhausted."

And the speaker drew a shade whiter and clutched forward to the pommel of his saddle.

It was nearly the close of a sultry September day, and the sun was sinking, like a ball of fire, behind the distant mountains in upper Auvergne. Three riders had been in the saddle for many hours, but one of them, a middle-aged, sturdy-looking peasant, seemed hardly the worse for the fatigue. His companion was a tall, fine, young and handsome. He wore a military dress, and carried a small cane, much resembling a despatch-bar, slung in front of his saddle. He looked like an Englishman, with his blonde beard and deep blue eyes; but his bearing, and the ease he had in the saddle had been learned in many a wild charge over the battlefield.

Jacques shook his head. "What would Mäsen have to say," he asked, with a helpless shrug. "The horses are good beasts, none better, but what horses can travel from dawn to sunset without baiting? It is only wonderful that they do not fall by the roadside. And there is what would Maître Pierre say! As for the village of St. Etienne, it is seven good miles by the road—ten, as the crow flies: what would Mäsen have? It is destiny! All that I can offer is palate, with many particularities and intricate, latable shops.

"Destiny or not, my good Jacques," returned the other, in French, "I must do it. Ride on by the road side soon, and let you guess about my wound it growing more painful, and there is a sensation accompanying it which I don't like. Think again, my friend: you say that there is a hostelry in the neighborhood—there not some but, however simple, this side of St. Etienne, where I can rest for a while? Seven miles more of this torture in my shoulder would be more than I can endure and keep my senses."

Even Jacques shook and was not proof against the testimony of the grey flame of his master's face. Evidently, the wounded man was overcoming him. Jacques heads went up in an accession to his patron saint.

"There is one place not more than two miles off where perhaps I could take you, but there are difficulties. It is a place where I am gone indeed they say that Mme Margot is so old with, although she is related to me, the Madonna defend us! and Jacques crossed him self earnestly. But if it be as I have heard, his sacred word as a gentleman more to myself that he has been there, or that I had been in the house.

"Yes, you interrupted the other, impatiently, "anything that you will, but for heaven's sake, find the way. My shoulder is burning like fire."

Jacques pulled it out. "Hardly a ball would have gone through there," he said, "and not have killed the wounded man's late after swallowing the bullet, and in a few moments he dropped from himself out from his saddle.

"There is one place I know where you can be taken," he said, "and I will ride forward and announce your coming. The stranger was overcoming him. Jacques heads went up in an accession to his patron saint.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

GRANDMAMMA LIELAND'S THANKSGIVING.

BY AUNT SUSAN.

In the cozy sitting-room at "The Pines," one evening, after an early supper, a group of children were assembled. What if it was November, and the wind was sending great clouds of snow, with its chilly tinkle, tinkle, against the window panes, and whispered fearful stories of ice-bound rivers that it had just passed over! The gas was throwing its soft light on the great heavy window-curtains, closely drawn together; and the fire on the hearth carpet was blooming under its radiance, while a charming fire of anthracite, glowing in the polished grate, sent out its warmth into every corner of the apartment.

Grandmamma Lieland sat in her rocking-chair, in her accustomed corner, knitting a pair of scarlet mittens for little Bertie, long since tucked away asleep in his crib. She was just the very best picture of a grandmamma, with her snowy curls peeping out from under her spotless muslin cap, and her white kerchief crossed in pleats on her bosom, while on her shoulders reposed a soft little Shaker shawl to protect her from any little stray draught of air that might perchance come too near her.

The children, Dolly and Madge Lieland, Hetty Forrester and her brother Frank, had been playing "Blind Man's Buff," and "Hunt the Slipper" until they were tired, and were now resting on the sofa—the great old fashioned sofa that easily held them all on its broad seat—with flushing eyes and smiling lips.

"What shall we do now?" Cried Madge Lieland, for little romp that she was, she longed every moment of this precious evening that slipped away quietly.

"Suppose son of us tells a story," suggested Frank Forrester.

"Oh! yes," answered Madge, 'that is the very thing." And, snuggling up close to her sister's rosy cheek, she whispered: "Ask grandmamma, Dolly, to tell us a story about something that happened when she was a little girl like us." Then, turning to the other children, she continued: "Grandmamma knows such a heap of stories, and they are all true ones, too."

"That's the rightest kind," chimed in Hetty Forrester, "I love to hear stories that are real true."

Grandmamma, always willing to add her mite for the children's amusement, after their request a smiling assent, and after knitting to her middle needle that her work might be laid by safely, she removed her spectacles from her brow.

"Dolly dear, don't crowd so. There are two sides to my chair," said the good old lady, as the children gathered around her. "Madge got down at the foot of the rocking-chair, here is another for you. Now, Frank, take this rocker, and as to-morrow is Thanksgiving Day, I will tell you of something that happened the same day sixty years ago."

"Sakes alive! Only think how long it is!" cried Madge. "Just six times as long as I have lived."

"I was a little girl then," continued grandmamma, with a smile, "just the age of you, Dolly, and lived on the farm near Darlington. Ever after mother died I had been father's little housekeeper, and we lived very happily, father and I. I tried very hard to please him, and he never tired of praising me and calling me pet names; but one day he brought us home a new mother, and that was the beginning of my troubles.

"I cried very bitterly because I could not be housekeeper any more. The new mother laughed at me, and that only increased my suffering. She said I was too little to work, and have the care of my brother Tiney, who was only four years old, and that I must go to school. I was very angry at this, but when I was taken from my own room into another nearer unto father's, and in a back part of the house because she fancied my health was weak, my resentment was unbounded and I hated my step-mother. Well, things went pretty badly between us for the eight years that I lived in the new ways, but I was always in trouble.

"The country about Darlington was full of rocks and waterfalls, with now and then a deep ravine by the roadside that led to the village, caused by the rush of water during the spring freshets. This road, though somewhat dangerous, we children often travelled over on foot, for Aunt Milly, our own mother's sister, lived in Darlington, and she loved to get me to her house. She was a maiden lady, and loved us all dearly. She had a room fitted up for us to play in, and her house was filled with curiosities brought from foreign countries, and given to her by our Uncle Sam, who was sailor.

"The weather had been quite warm in the early part of November. Mother was sick and Thanksgiving Day was approaching. Aunt Milly had invited us all to her house to dinner, and I was wicked enough to rejoice that mother would not be well enough to go. She had bought another Merry Tiney, and I felt very serious dress for the occasion, and had made them herself, just before she was taken sick. Even this I did not thank her for doing.

"Well, the fine weather all disappeared before the great day, for which all the children were looking with so much glee, arrived. Thanksgiving morning was cold and cloudy, and mother said she was sure it would snow before night.

"Mary and I had to dress the children before we could attend to ourselves. Our new dresses fitted admirably, and, although out of spite to mother, I had determined not to wear mine, I looked so nicely in it, that for once I was willing to lay aside my ill humor, and put it on. When mother called us up stairs, that she might see how we looked, Mary was ready, and I looked like two little blue birds, and patted me on the cheek, well satisfied that for once I was pleased with what she had done for me.

"After we had gone down stairs, she called me to her again, and said, as I was the oldest, she hoped I would take care of the children, particularly little Tiney, and if it should storm, attend to hanging them up to dry before we started for home. You will hardly believe I was angry, because I thought she ought to know I would do all this, without having been told. So I pouted, and said nothing in reply.

"We walked over to Darlington. The distance was quite a mile, if not more, and when we arrived at aunty's we were very cold, although we had run a good part of the way. Little Tiney cried with his aching feet and hands, and aunty said our parents were crazy to let us walk.

"Whatever, were soon warmed by her cozy fire, seven of our cousins had arrived before us, and aunty sent us up into the playroom to amuse ourselves until dinner-time. Here were collected such things as children love. A table well-filled with attractive books and pictures, magnifying glasses, a microscope with its proposed objects, and many other scientific toys of which I now have forgotten the names, stood on one side of the room, and on the other were dolls and a doll's house nicely furnished. Then there were games of various kinds, cards, dominoes, chess-boards, and others. Surely any child could have found amusement in such a room as this.

"We were all soon busily engaged, the girls, of course, crowding around the doll's house, and only that Tiney insisted upon re-arranging the rooms, and drinking out of the toy pitchers and cups, we would have had splendid fun; but the girls were all the time scolding about him, and the boys said he made too much noise when they were busy with the books. Altogether it was a trial to me, and I was glad when we were called down to dinner.

"The time was going fast on to evening now, and the storm that mother had predicted had set in. The ground was already covered with snow, and the air was filled with falling icy particles, that the wind, blowing almost a hurricane, was heaping in drifts all over the frozen ground.

"The supper table looked very elegant with its fine, large turkeys and ever so many nice things beside, all dressed off with evergreens. There was an immense plum-pudding for dessert, and when it came on, all in flames, with the fruit peeping through its rich, brown crust, the children could hardly restrain their impatience to partake of it.

"We sat a long time at the table, and it was growing dark as the coffee was brought in. All the children were getting tired, and Tiney had fallen asleep. Aunty told me to carry him upstairs, having risen which I came down again to ask father about taking us home, for I knew mother would be growing uneasy about us. But I could not find father, and aunty said that some accident had happened over at his mills and he had gone to see about it.

"All the children and their parents had now gone away, and we were the only ones remaining. Aunty said she should keep us all night, but when father came back, he laughed at her fears, packed us in a wagon he had brought with him, well wrapped up, and, saying we would soon be home, started off through the still falling snow.

Here grandmamma paused. "My dear little children," she said, pointing to the mantle, "the cuckoo is singing the hour for you to seek your beds."

"Oh! grandma, dear, do just tell us how you all got home," cried Dolly.

"No more, dear; but to-morrow evening, if you will remind me, I will finish my true tale. Now kisses, and good-night."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

SO MUCH THEIR CONSCIENCE WHISPERS.—The Hindoos of Ellenkichaud, an important municipal town of Bengal, in the Madras Presidency, have lately made a surprising discovery, which may, says the Times of India, have serious consequences. It seems that the city well there has just been reconstructed on new principles, and that a portion of its newfangled gear consists of India-rubber fittings. When the well was ready crowds of thirsty Hindoos came and gazed at it, and then went sorrowfully away without drawing a single bucketful of water. Days went by and the boon increased, but still the well was unused. At last the municipal committee held a meeting and the suffering Hindoos were asked what complaint they had to make about the well. They then humbly represented that India rubber, being elephant's skin, was forbidden meat, and that so long as the water was contaminated by this objectionable substance they would rather die than drink it. No amount of argument would convince them that they were wrong.

TURKISH COFFEE.—One of the drinks most frequently taken by the Turks is coffee, but this differs essentially from the infusion of coffee beans customary among us. Turkish coffee is used without milk and sugar, is unfiltered, and has thus all the grounds. It is often drunk in such quantities as to seem to us fabulous. Many a Turk drinks eighty cups of coffee daily. Such is the peculiar mode of roasting the coffee-beans, and the skillful way of infusion which special cooks in wealthy Turkish households are employed, who are called "kahvedeschi"—a liquid is obtained much more concentrated and containing a far richer aroma than the coffee dealt with in Western Europe.

COURTSHIP AMONG THE ZAPORAS.—The mode of courtship of the Zaporas of Ecuador presents some resemblance to that of the Australians. Living in the woods and hunts game, when he has procured it he presents it to the maiden of his choice. This constitutes the proposal; if she accepts she cooks the meat. Hence, before entering upon the bonds of matrimony, the Zapora suitor has the great advantage over civilized wooers of being assured as to the lady's capacity for preparing a square meal—a real doubloon there in the diminished probability that after such "the fat will be in the fire." On the other hand, the Zaporinesa is favored with some foreknowledge as to her spouse's ability to keep the larder supplied.

RUSSIAN SOLDIERS.—Russian soldiers are acted, as far as possible, according to their size and complexion. Under Nicholas there was a Hussar regiment altogether made up of dark haired men piled with the finest grays, and another of light haired men in the same case. There was a regiment whose soldiers all had fair hair, slim figures, and blue eyes; and another in which only features strikingly ugly were the rule. These happy assortments have been less strictly adhered to under the present reign, but enough is done to the way of suiting to bring out of the only different dialects into each regiment, and thereby produce a uniformity of speech.

LOCAL DESIGNATIONS.—Every district in England is distinguished by some inherent peculiarity in person, costume, dialect, or character. Thus the inhabitants of the county of York it is observed, 'A Yorkshireman will bite either dead or alive," and, though the proverb is Yorkshire, but keeps their neighbors add an important clause thereto, "with good looking after." Respecting the people of Derbyshire, it is affirmed in the well-known proverb that "Lancashire and Cheshire, they've one coming across Wanley Bridge (the division of the counties of Cheshire and Derby) and he looked forward; i. e., he is careful and close-fisted. "A Derby is slow and easy," and "he goes like a Derby dog" are other phrases pride themselves on "Cheshire, chief of men," yet their Lancashire brethren say, "Cheshire breed—many a fine man, but weak in trouble." It is often observed that Lankies (Lancashire folk) on entering a room, whether in the best drawing-room or the kitchen of which it is principally rush to the fire-place. The natives pride themselves upon being "quick at meat and quick at work," and "quick at eating's good for naught." Whilst in other places the birds of the creation are the "London gull," the "Glasgow calley," the "Edinburgh haddie," and "Liverpool chicken" (sea gulls), they call the Lancashire brethren say, "Cheshire breed—many a fine man, but weak in trouble." It is often observed that Lankies (Lancashire folk) on entering a room, whether in the best drawing-room or the kitchen of which it is principally rush to the fire-place. The natives pride themselves upon being "quick at meat and quick at work," and "quick at eating's good for naught." Whilst in other places the birds of the creation are the "London gull," the "Glasgow calley," the "Edinburgh haddie," and "Liverpool chicken" (sea gulls), they call the Lancashire brethren "Bootle bumpers," "Bury mullers," "Gorton boil-dogs," "Middleton Jacks," "Oldham Tommy Dodds," "Rochdale Gawbies," "Radcliffe Nippers," and such like. Many of the towns and villages of Lancashire have been set apart as the scenes for certain kinds of manufacture, whether edible or textile, as "Manchester cotton," "Congleton points," "Chorley dumplings" (a kind of pudding), "Wigan pit-downs" (potatoes), "Warrington ale," "Ormskirk gingerbread," "Preston pollys," "Bolton cakes," and "Liverpool black puddings."

DARWINIAN RELATIONS.—The inhabitants of Kerkella, Northern Africa, are much troubled by the depredations of monkeys, who in countless numbers infest the hilly forests. The unfortunate farmers or market gardeners who live on the mountain slopes wage a continual war against these marauders, which is foredoomed, however, to endless failure, for the monkeys are so like human beings before Darwin was heard of, and they dare not for their life kill one of the creatures regarded by them as their ancestors. So the monkey increases and multiply without the chance of becoming thinned off by any fatal battue. The only thing that can be done to keep down the attacks is to frighten them away, and this is done by some very curious devices. In almost every orchard may be seen a succession raid upon some garden, a few of the less hardened offenders are overcome by the glamour of the forbidden fruit. The pedestal price of the grapes or of the figs gets the better of their reason or of their bodily activity, and they remain stretched on the ground, to be captured by the fatuous proprietor, when a mild but insidious punishment is inflicted upon the prisoners. Their necks are bound with small cords, and their arms are turned loose at the forest edge, when the panic created by their appearance is such as to frighten all their kindred and acquaintance away into the depths of the wood. If bells cannot be procured, another process has been invented—that of clothing the captured ape in a stout waistcoat of red stuff, and then letting him loose. The effect is magical, and long after the encouraged animal has died or got free from his sartorial bodge the depredators hold aloof from the dangerous district.

Clare's Thanksgiving.

Max Irwin strolling leisurely through one of the quiet streets, up town, one bright November day, paused before the door of a small frame house, and examined, with critical and kindly eyes, the roomy faces of two little rompe—a boy and girl—who were pelting each other with leaves, and laughing so gleefully that Max caught the contagion and laughed with them. At the sound of his voice the little ones ceased playing, and eyed the stranger shyly. The gentleman readily guessed the children's names, for not only were the two violet-blue eyes, the dimpled cheeks, and golden hair of the girl duplicated in the boy, but there was not the difference of half an inch in the beauty of these little children. With bright arms thrown about each other's shoulders—as if to protect each other from the stranger who had so suddenly interrupted their play, Max thought he had never beheld so beautiful a picture.

He was an artist of some reputation, and his artist-eyes were wide awake to the perfect form—beauty of these little children. With bright eyes, flushed cheeks—flushed with the warmth of their frolic, though the day was cool—and the many curls which fell on the two white foreheads and twisted and "picked up" in pretty disorder all over the little heads, all made a study which the artist would gladly have transferred to canvas. Presently he spoke, and his words provoked a smile and more dimples in the rosy faces, and her boy's roguishly toned a handful of leaves at the stranger's feet.

"Let me play, too," suggested Max, stooping his tall form and gathering the leaves for a return throw, and the babies shouted gleefully as the fun began, and the vari-colored leaves were flying through the air.

"How old are you, little ones?" asked Max, patting the boy's head.

The rosy lips were prompt in reply.

"I'm five and Maudie's five, too."

"How old are you?"

"Old enough, little fellow, to wish I were a baby again," the gentleman answered, with something very like a sigh at the close of his words.

"But I'll have to stop play now and go on my walk, so shake hands. Don't you want to walk to the corner with me?"

The two little heads shook a decided negative.

"Mamma says we mustn't go with strange people," said Maudie, and the boy echoed her words, of course. So Max Irwin kissed his hand to the twins, and reluctantly walked away.

Meanwhile within the house, up stairs, in a back room, Clare Somers sat before a table, and wrote continually. Time after time, the sheet of paper before her was filled. Then there was a knock at the door, and Clare rose wearily to unlock it.

"It's only me, mamm," said a good-natured, stout woman, who stood without the door, "and I wouldn't have disturbed you only that the grocer's brought in his bill, mum, and I thought as I was short of change, maybe you—"

"Oh, Mrs. Toupkins," interrupted Clare, "I am so sorry that I cannot pay you to-day. I know how much you need it, but some way I expected has not yet come, and I will try and have something for you to-morrow. Indeed I'm very sorry to ask your indulgence so often, Mrs. Tompkins! but you see I cannot help it."

There was a tremor in Clare's sweet voice which her landlady was quick enough to see, and sympathetic enough to appreciate, and she nodded her head affirmatively to her pale young boarder said, and turned to go down stairs, saying:

"Lor, mum, never you mind the thing at all. I'm sure there's what I require from one of the other boarders. Don't you worry, dear child!"

The kind words completely upset Clare's composure, and closing the door she bowed her head upon the table and burst into tears. How many poems and prose articles of hers were in the hands of different critics as "accepted matter," and the checks which were so important to her, and so necessary for her present use, were delayed from day to day, until the patient heart would grow discouraged and impatient, and the weary brain would almost sink with pain of thought and labor with pain and unrest as the weeks slipped by. And yet the shadow of all Clare Somers' sadness, the cloud which poverty cannot help having over her life, rarely touched her writings. The poems from her pen were bright and sparkling as though the heart of the writer had never known a care or a grief. They went the rounds of the press with many a compliment, although her name was not yet known to fame, and but rarely appeared with her articles. She boarded with her little ones in such comfort as her small means afforded, and, fortunately for her, Mrs. Tompkins was a woman whose heart was large and warm, and thus Clare was spared many a bitterness she had not yet learned.

It lacked but a week till Thanksgiving Day, and Mrs. Tompkins' boarders, one and all, with the exception of Clare, were intending to dine with friends. Clare had known very many glad Thanksgiving Days before the season of trouble had begun with her, and had at one time little dreamed of such privation as lately she had endured, so far as the comforts of this world were concerned. And the approaching holiday threatened to be a gloomy one indeed, she thought, since in the strange city to which she had recently come to live she had no friends, and but very few acquaintances.

Her little ones were trying to help lighten matters," she thought at last, lifting her flushed face from the table and folding the poem she had just finished as Mrs. Tompkins knocked. "I must rest this, and may God bless my work!"

She spoke reverently, and her heart felt a little comforted with the remembrance that He knew all her sorrows and trials, and could care for her and her fatherless babies whilst they were permitted to live, according to His own will.

There was a scramble on the stairs and the patter of little feet, and Clare looked up from the table with a smile as the door flew open, and bright and beautiful as sunbeams, and rosy with their out-door frolic came bounding in, each eager to tell of the "nice man who played with them, and gave them a ride," and laughed—oh, so much, and wished he was a baby!"

Clare listened and smiled, pleased that any one should have been attracted by her babies. But the smile died quickly out of her face when little Willie added:

"And oh! mamma, he wanted us to go with him to the way-off corner——"

"And I told him my mamma didn't want us to go with strange people," interrupted Maudie, eager to keep up with her brother on all subjects.

Clare had one constant fear concerning her children, and that the fear of being kidnapped—and now she looked frightened, and the smile had departed utterly as she said:

"You did right, dear; never on any account, or for any reason, go with a stranger even a short distance. No doubt the gentleman would have stolen you, and what would mamma do without her little ones to comfort her?"

And the "kidnapper," what of him? Heat in his studio that evening, and he related to a friend his adventure of the day with the twins.

"Oh, how I longed to pick them up and bring them here!" he said earnestly. "I could paint a picture from those children which would live for ever in the hearts of those who beheld it. Such glorious eyes! I never saw such eyes but once before, and never will again, I suppose."

"Oh, come, Max, old father," interrupted his friend, "you're on one of your streaks again, raving about children. You ought to marry, Max, and paint your wife and family to your heart's content."

Max smiled a little sadly as he answered:

"You'll never dance at my wedding, Fred, my boy. Make up your mind to that. I've had my little romance already, and —— Oh, well, let's talk of something else,"

But Fred objected.

"No, no, Max; go on and tell me more. Don't believe in women as the 'bright particular star,' eh? Had some confounded scare with them, haven't you? Come on; let's hear about it."

"If I can't get rid of nothing, Fred; only when a fellow reaches his thirty-fifth year he begins to settle down for a bachelor, you know. And as you're considerably younger than I, I'll give you a piece of advice. Don't fall in love unless you've plenty of money for bait, and plenty also to feed your fish with after it is caught. Come, let's take a turn around the square."

They lighted fresh cigars, and went out. Max left a path in his studio floor which for eight years had lingered there, suspected by none among his daily companions, and borne with a kind of dread calmness by him for his pride's sake; and Fred with a self-congratulation that he was only twenty-nine, and already one of the beaux of society.

The walk did Max a world of good, and when he returned to his studio to look it up for the night the pain had returned to its normal condition, and Max Irwin was ready for the second sleep which usually refreshed him. A few days passed by, and Max, as he had often turned to another woman for the comfort it so sorely needed when the one love of his youth and manhood had deserted him. Faithful to her memory as he had been for ten years, though he knew she was not worthy of his devotion. But art, and days of honest toil over his easel kept him happy, and made him well-to-do in this world's goods, so he had spent most of the time since his disappointment and love-trouble, abroad, among the picture-galleries of Rome, and busy with study.

Two days after, Max Irwin, tired of painting which had not only taken two weeks, went out for a stroll and fresh air. Remembering his little friends, the twins, he turned his steps in the direction of the frame house, hoping to see the children once again, and ready for another game of romps.

They were on the sidewalk as he drew near, and little Willie recognized the "nice man" immediately with a shout, and, pulling his sister after him by the hand as his small feet could carry him to the stoop, where he felt safe, and in no danger of being kidnapped.

"Afraid of me, my little man!" asked Max, as he drew near and paused. "I came here on purpose to play with you."

"We ain't afraid of you, mister man," cried Maudie; "but my mamma is 'fraid you'll steal her little company, and so do we."

Max couldn't help laughing at this, and made up his mind to ask the mother's permission to borrow her children as models, so great was his desire to paint the little faces.

"I will call my picture 'Innocence,'" he thought, "and the angel of purity shall watch them from a distance."

He rang the door-bell, and Mrs. Tompkins herself admitted him into the small, narrow passage. He explained his errand, and asked if the lady to whom he spoke was the mother of the children, at which good Mrs. Tompkins shook with laughter.

"Well now, sir, I've had compliments in my day, but never to fine a one as this of yourn. Do you really see any likeness, sir, betwixt me and those pretty creatures? This is mother, indeed! If you could see her, sir, the pretty young widow woman that she is—and she a-writin' and a-writin' every day, and poor as a rat at that, sir! But she's out now, and if she were in, I don't believe she'd let the children go, she's so fearful of their being kidnapped."

Max pleaded the necessity of his having the models and declared no other children would suit him, and finally left his card with the studio's address on it, and made Mrs. Tompkins promise to bring mother and children—if Mrs. Somers would agree—to the studio the next morning. "I will pay the little ones well for their sitting," he added, and Mrs. Tompkins promised, good soul, to suit him if possible.

Then he kissed the children and went away, and Clare's manuscript was finished and tired, soon after, heard the story of Max and his friend. There was still something due on her board bill, and Clare sorely needed assistance. Mrs. Tompkins had told the gentleman was "every inch a gentleman," and persuaded her to yield to his request.

"He'll fall deed in love with you, that he will, mum," cried the good woman, as she coaxed Clare and the children to go to the studio, while Clare unsuccessfully considered the matter. But that speech was not a happy one, as Mrs. Tompkins found; for the young widow replied, stately:

"I beg, Mrs. Tompkins, that you will never say such things to me again. I shall not marry again, and the subject is very distasteful to me. For the sake of that which I owe you, and to oblige the gentleman, although I dislike meeting a stranger, I will accompany you with my children to-morrow, and though she pretend a great admiration for my works of art, I am accustomed to such compensation from the strange gentleman, yet I am—I am absolutely forced to do it."

So it was settled, and the next morning the janitor of the building in which was Mr. Irwin's studio, showed them into the studio, which Max had left for a moment only just before their coming.

Mrs. Tompkins went down stairs again to go to market, leaving Clare and the twins to admire the beautiful pictures which hung on the walls, and which, in a round about way, Willie and Maud had climbed together into the seat of a large easy chair, and were laughing up at the cold white face of a marble statue, while little Maudie, with curious, stony eyes of the figure, and making childish comments upon it which made Clare smile. The walk in the fresh, crisp air, had given the young mother plenty of rich color, and she was as beautiful even now after the two years of widowhood, as when, seven years previous to this time, she had celebrated her eighteenth birthday by giving her hand in marriage to Ralph Somers.

Max Irwin crossing the corridor from a brother-artist's studio a moment later, saw a lovely picture ere he had even entered his own room, for the door was open.

Maudie had thrown her arms lovingly about the statue, and her golden head was pressed closely against the marble heart of the figure. She was singing, in sorrowful tones new to the merry voice:

"Mamma, this is such a cold, white lady, she doesn't hug me tight like you do when I hug her!"

"Bless the precious little child!" said Max, under his breath, and entered the studio.

Clare turned toward him, and into the faces of the man and woman came looks of surprise, joy, pain, and pleasure, one after another, ere half a second had been told.

"Oh, Max! is it you?" said Clare, at last, sinking into her seat, while he said, only:

"Clare, Clare, I did not know I ——" Then he went straight up to her, and looked into the beautiful eyes she lifted to meet his own.

"Clare," he said, passionately, "it is as though there had been no eight years of pain between us. I forget it all, and only remember that you are the Clare I loved and who loved me. This is no time for talking of old times—the rud-

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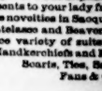

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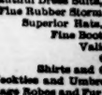

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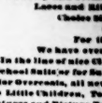

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Two Bridals.

A heated room, redolent of cigars. A sideboard, whereon wines and spirits stood ready with tempting handiness. A small knot of gentlemen gathered round a baize-covered table. You only are playing; the rest are interested spectators.

"Will you have another try?" asks the elder of the players.

The young fellow addressed responds fiercely:

"Another try; yes. Luck must change soon. Confound the luck, I say!"

"Better not, Carew," advises one of the onlookers. "You've lost enough for to-night. Come and have some supper with me."

Carew flicks his handsome head with a scornful laugh.

"Not I, thanks. 'May as well be hanged for a sheep as a lamb,' you know. I'll stake high, now or if that won't propitiate Dame Fortune, "

The cards are shuffled, and the game begins again.

Half an hour—an hour passes then Carew rises, and pushes back his chair; his face pale, and his eyes bloodshot and wild.

"I'll settle with you to-morrow, Turner," he says, pouring out some wine with an unsteady hand.

"I say, Carew," advises one of the onlookers, "you're lost enough for to-night. Come and have some supper with me."

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"Turner, Carew," advises one of the onlookers, "you're lost enough for to-night. Come and have some supper with me."

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"I'll settle with you to-morrow, Turner," he says, pouring out some wine with an unsteady hand.

It was a bright and festive scene. The rose-colored hangings, the plentiful lights, the profusion of flowers, made it like a page into fairy land, while the flitting figures, the handsomely attired women, and their more handsome attendants, rendered the room a perfect kaleidoscope of shifting colors.

There were many pretty girls present; but pauline among them all stone forth the radiant loveliness of Lillian Carew. Her dress of pale blue set off the wonderful fairness of her skin, and her golden plaits formed a fitting crown to her faultlessly poised head.

Like a queen she moved among her attendant admirers, receiving with unruffled serenity the homage paid her.

The evening was far advanced. A waltz was just concluded, and Lillian's partner was conducting her to a seat.

"How do you do, Miss Carew?"

She started, and held out her hand, and the liquid, turquoise eyes that had unwittingly encountered many ardent glances fell now, as she returned the greeting of Ray Hood Clifton.

"You are late," she said, as he seated himself at her side.

"Yes, I was detained by business. But you have reserved no some dances, have you not?"

"There is one disengaged, I think."

"You are forgetful of the claims of old friends," he said reproachfully, inscribing his initials on her programme.

With a low bow, presently she opened her fan, and began gently moving it to and fro.

He bent nearer.

"I had hard work to get away at all to-night. Indeed, I should not have attempted it had it not been for one reason."

The fan flitted more rapidly and a faint rosy color crept into the delicately tinted cheeks.

"I came here with the determination to say what I have been longing yet dreading to say for weeks past. Lillian, you know—"

A happy smile curved the rich ripe lips, and bore the dark fringed eyelids drooped. Surely the music was long in the three pages.

"Dearest, you must have seen—"

"Miss Carew, I think I have the honor of this dance with you."

A gentleman had been furtively watching the couple in their secluded corner, and he now interrupted their tete-a-tete. He was a man of between thirty and forty years of age, tall and thin, with features devoid of meaning will and a great determination of mouth. He was a man who, when he had made up his mind to say purpose, whether good or evil, would accomplish by fair or foul means, be turned from it.

An expression of angry jealousy flashed into Raymond's face, and Lillian rose, with a sigh, to take the proffered arm.

"I want a little private conversation with you, Miss Carew," said her partner in a tone so low that none could ever hear it, "and I propose out to the balcony"—we shall be undisturbed there."

The delicate eyebrows were arched with almost imperceptible hauteur, but with a calm bow she signified assent.

A pleasant contrast to the hot atmosphere within was the cool, fresh air without. Carelessly playing in the moonlight, the head of Lillian leant against the stone balustrade waiting for him to speak, her attitude one of unconscious but perfect grace.

A quarter of an hour went by.

"The decision lies in your own hands," Mr. Fletcher was saying. "If you consent to marry me I will meet the bill and your brother will be saved, if not, I shall put the affair into the hands of the police and prosecute him for forgery."

The listener's slender figure shook with a terrible shudder.

"Have mercy upon him" she cried, sprang forward, and sinking at his feet. "Oh! have mercy upon him. He was young and led away by bad companions. I loved to pay for him, but for my father and mother's sake."

He looked at her, her lovely face pale and pleading, her hands clasping his, and the sight softened most unbecoming indexible his intention to make her his wife.

"Rise, Miss Carew," he said, harshly. "Such a position is not becoming to you. I have given you a week to decide, I can do no more."

"For, but what a choice," she cried, passionately. "Is there nothing else I can do? Is there no other way of escape?"

"None, or pecuniary sacrifice."

"At last let me have time to consider. Give me a week, or a day."

"A month. I must take measures at once. Think! they are calling for you. No; you must positively dance with me to-night. Lillian will be inconsolable else just to your carriage. I will tell you for a flower. If you agree to my proposal you can give me one during the next dance, I shall know then what you have decided to do."

And He one in a dream, through the rest of the evening. Raymond never left her side, and the answer to which Fletcher was to return home, she gave him with wide, wistful eyes.

[illegible] he?"

True to his word, Mr. Fletcher was at hand when the friend that had chaperoned her declared her intention of departing. He leaned over the carriage door after he had closed it.

"May I not have one?" he asked, resting his hand on the bouquet.

She looked at him; but there was no relenting, no pity in his face, so with fingers cold and shaking, and each cheeks blanched to an ashen whiteness, she gave him a flower.

The next morning Colonel Carew received a call from Mr. Fletcher, and heard with stately satisfaction that his visitor entertained feelings of the warmest affection for his daughter. Mr. Fletcher was in every respect eligible, consequently his proposals met with dignified approval.

Preparations for the marriage were hurried on, as a little delicacy of health on the part of the bridegroom elect rendered it necessary that he should pass the ensuing winter in more genial climes.

Charlie Carew was favored with a grave reprimand from his future brother-in-law, supplemented by an emphatic warning that if ever again he had gambling debts to pay it would not be advisable to repeat his former chirographical experiment as a means of raising money with which to settle them. This advice was accompanied by a good round sum in hard cash, which Charlie considered was a very acceptable set-off against the plainly worded reproof.

The wedding-day arrived at last. A fit representation of her name looked Lillian, with her colorless face shaded by a lace veil and surmounted by coils of glistening yellow hair, among which nestled the orthodox orange blossoms. A robe of white satin, trimmed with rich brussels, fell in soft, shimmering folds around her slim, graceful form. Diamonds and opals circled her throat and arms, and flashed in her rose bosom.

As she passed up the aisle on her father's arm, who could have guessed that it was the nonchalance of utter despair and not the blessed realization of that that caused her to be so superbly unconscious, so calm, so composed.

A frown contracted the Colonel's brow as he perceived, on approaching the altar, that the bridegroom was not awaiting them there. He glanced sharply around the church but could not perceive him, and when they reached the steps the frown deepened as the low comments of surprise and conjecture fell upon his ear.

Lillian bore herself with perfect self-possession. No girlish fears, no fond misgivings did she experience. A few minutes more or less of waiting, what did it signify?

Five minutes of unconfortable waiting and the Colonel's ire was rising high. Such a want of punctuality and good breeding was almost unpardonable.

At length there was a bustle and confusion, a hum of many voices at the further end of the church, and a gentleman came hurrying toward them.

He beckoned to the Colonel, and he leaving his daughter, obeyed the summons, his wrath now almost beyond control.

"What is it?" he demanded. "Is he ill? Has he run away, or what?"

The other lifted his hat mutely.

"Hush" he said, "he is dead."

Yes, it was true. Heart disease, aided by the excitement and toil though of his forthcoming marriage had in one brief second stayed for ever the workings of his busy brain. Even as he was stepping into the carriage which was to bring him to church, he fell back senseless and lifeless.

* * * * *

Another year has added one more jewel to the overflowing casket of Lillian Clifton.

In the same church, in full party is again gathered, but this time there are no dashing equipages without, no crowd of fashionable loungers within. There are scarcely half a dozen spectators scattered throughout the whole building.

The bride wears a dress of pale gray relieved by the daintiest ruffles of lace at neck and wrist. Her bonnet is the very simplicity of art, adorned with just one tiny tuft of Hyson's favorite flowers. But brighter far than either dress or gold is the happiness of her face.

The ceremony is over, the few immediate friends who have been invited to the wedding breakfast have offered their congratulations, the last kisses and good-byes have been exchanged, and Lillian, the newly-made husband and wife are alone in the train on route for a continental honeymoon.

Then, with a passionate gesture, he folds his arms around her, and holds her close to a long, lingering embrace.

"My darling, my darling, be assured it is impossible to realize that you are really mine, my own, my very own."

"Are you sure, Ray, that you understand?" she asks. "All doubt and suspicion forgotten never to be remembered or spoken of any more?"

Forgotten, my dear one," he answers, with a tender kiss. "Forgive me, Lillian, for ever wronging you with the faintest shadow of mistrust."

THEATRICAL NOTICES.

Lotta is playing successfully through New York.

Nimro no longer wears a ring on one of her thumbs.

The New York dime concerts are being imitated everywhere.

Adelaide Neilson is under engagement at the Royal Opera House, Berlin.

The Ostos English Opera Company are traveling in the Far West.

The late E. L. Davenport's son, Henry, is pronounced a "born actor."

Patti's Russian performances are said to be her own private speculation.

Modjeska plays at the Fifth Avenue N. Y. in January. Her husband is with her.

Sara Jewett, actress, writes poetry. "They all leave," remarks the Detroit Free Press.

Richard Mansfield has made up her mind to go to her father in England on the close of her present engagement.

A season ticket for the Paris Exhibition will cost a hundred francs, and free the holder for forty.

Miss Mary Anderson, the actress, is receiving marked attention from many leading citizens of New York.

Adelaide Neilson is announced to play in Germany and will play in Spell, May and June, and in Paris in September.

Mrs. G. L. Fox, widow of "Humpty Dumpty," will appear at Tony Pastor's Theatre, N. Y. as a vocalist.

At her benefit in San Francisco, Miss Kellogg received 1107 bouquets, all of which were baskets and other large designs.

Beethoven was troubled with a melancholy which was prevented by his deafness from busying self in anything and often made him rude to strangers.

"In the representation of "Ultima" "Big Bonanza," in San Francisco, correct imitations of the leading bankers and brokers were made in the block Exchange scene.

"In Nasby's new play there will be one man who is always managing to get treated at the bar, and thousands of men are employed during their services upon Petroleum by offering to appear in that character.

—Among the attractions at the Paris Exhibition will be performances by the Imperial Circus from Vienna, in the month of July. The Viennese artists will give several concerts during their fortnight's stay in Paris.

"The current report," says an exchange, "that Edwin Booth is going to retire from the stage because he has a rich father-in-law, is a rather heavy joke on the young man." We should take it to be a much heavier joke on the old man.

—The dramatic season that far has been fantastically bad throughout the country. Out of forty-one travelling companies that started twenty-seven are reported already either stranded or broken up, and the remaining eight are not doing well.

BOOK OF ORIGINS,

ORIGIN OF PHRASES—THE ETYMOLOGY OF WORDS — REMARKABLE OLD SAYINGS—QUAINT EXPRESSIONS PECULIAR TO ALL AGES AND NATIONS.

BY JAMES REID.

"In primus homini est propria
Vere inquisitio atque investigandi."
CICERO.

"The searching out and thorough investigation of truth, is the first, the primary study of man."

O.

(CONTINUED.)

OLD NICK.

As to the origin of the phrase "Old Nick," Archdeacon Nares tells us that "Nick" was a very old name among the Teutonic nations, and from them we derive the word. We borrowed it, in fact, from the Germans, as evil genius passed among the Danes. They believed that he often appeared in the form of a little deep risen to the form of a sea monster, presaging immediate shipwreck and drowning to the unhappy sailors. Keyster, another authority, informs us that from a deity of the waters, worshipped by the ancient Danes and Germans under the name of Nicker, or Necca, Hence, doubtless, "Old Nick" came by an easy corruption.

OLD RENT.

The rent was proposed in 1782, by Robert Morris the great financier of the Revolution, and was adopted by Jefferson two years later. It began to make its appearance from the mint in 1792. It bore then the head of Washington on one side and a figure of Liberty on the other. The first quarter dollar coin created a rage for French ideas in America, which put on the cent, instead of the head of Washington, the head of Liberty, with a cap like a French liberty cap, with neck thrust forward and flowing hair behind. Subsequently on the reverse was replaced by the olive wreath of peace. But the French liberty cap has short lived and so was her portrait on our cent.

OLD HUNDRED.

The history of this old Psalm tune, which almost everybody has been accustomed to hear ever since they could remember, is the subject of a work recently written by an English author, Martin Fisher, who has generally been reckoned the author of "old Hundred," but has been discovered that it was composed in the sixteenth century by William Franco, a German. In the course of time it has been considerably changed from the original, and it is said that as it first appeared, it was of a more lively character than at present.

ORIGIN.

From the Latin, *origo*, first person, "for everybody." A name given to carriages for the conveyance of passengers. Frequently contracted into "Bus," by those who know not the meaning of the word. Some writers are using the word 'omnibi' as the plural, but *omnibus* is correct, as it is plural in gender, nominative in case, and declension, being omni.

ONE HORSE.

This is decidedly an Americanism. In the West where it originated, it is applied to anything that is insignificant in size or considered questionable as to quality. Thus, a one-horse farm, a one-horse company, a one-horse preacher, a one-horse church, a one-horse town, etc. It is also applied to the size of a man, as a one-horse man, a one-horse doctor, etc. Its origin is supposed to have been the result of some agricultural dispute about a plough, probably originating in Ohio. One of the disputants in favor of the old fashioned lumbering plough, and the other in favor of a one horse affair.

As many other peculiar sayings have originated in the manner, we refer to the absurdities being the true origin of the phrase.

ON THE HIP.

Johnson in his notes on Shakespeare, alluding to the expression, "Falstaff will have us on the hip," Michael Castle on the hip, says: "A metaphor taken from the practice of wrestlers. Others advise that the adversary should be seized upon the hip by a hound is soon disabled.

The phrase is always used in the sense of power obtained by one person over another, or a fault found.

ORIGINAL.

The opinion of Montesquieu is usually taken when other writers have failed to give the origin of a word. He says: "Original sin is a term which we have often heard, but which has been very little understood by the generality of people, and which, consequently, has given rise to many impious sentiments. Pelagius was accused of having first introduced this opinion, which is as ancient as the Scripture itself."

ORIGINALITY.

Originality consists in the art of concealing your models.

ORIGINALITY.

The original of imitators is usually taken from some other who failed in the attempt to imitate them, and who, in their turn, were similar to the preceding writers. Thus originality is the production of a writer who has neither taken nor given models.

ORIGINALITY.

What is called the originality, or originals, or originality is generally believed to have been indebted for its origin to Sam Slipper Nott, a priest, who about the middle of the eighteenth century, in the reign of Frederick the Great, undertook to assemble each of his congregation with musical voices, in the oratory of his Chapel, for the purpose of singing the psalms of David devotional and other sacred music. Regularly commencing with the first, however, he was till nearly a century afterwards.

The first oratorio in London was at the Lincoln's Inn Fields Theatre, March 10, On May 2, in the same year, the oratorio of Esther, with the usual accessories of Acts and Cadences, was performed at the Theatre Royal in Covent Garden. The Italian performers, who appeared in a kind of gallery.

ORATORIO.

As applied to the Turks, "Ottoman was the first Turk ish Sultan and from him the name of the Ottoman Turks and Empire is denominated. The Ottoman Turks conquered the overthrow of the Grecian Empire.

OTTOMAN.

Meaning in a bad manner. We have the derivative old Saxon phrase here. Hood of morta, 'via, out of the way, or the ordinary way, or contrary to the ordinary way. Ouverture is from the verb, ouvrir, which literally means to turn over.

OVER THE LEFT.

The following extracts from the old court records of Connecticut, form no doubt, the origin of this expression, and also of the phrase "to put over the left," or "to put over the right," which is frequently used in other country, it is evidently the earliest instance of the use of the phrase in the United States.

At a Court held at Hartford, Sept. 4, 1703.

Simon James Steel did commence an action against Benj. Wade, Esq., for the sum of £100, in the court, upon bearing and trial, whereof the matter in difference was, whether the said Wade or the plaintiff they think they ought, upon the declaring the said action, to put over the left shoulder of the other party. In March next, that being granted and entered, the said Wade was ordered to put over the table, he said, "and bless you over the left shoulder."

The court ordered a record thereof to be made forthwith.

A true copy. Test,

CALEB STANLEY, Clerk.

At the next court Watson was tried for counsept, for words recited, "to cursing the court," and on verdict fined £5. He asked a review at the court following, which was granted, and pending trial, the court asked recitation of the late Messrs. Woolbridge and Buckingham, the ministers of the Hartford church as to "the common acceptation" of the offensive phrase. Their reply confirmed the justice of the record, and is as follows:

"We are of the opinion, that the words, said on the oldest side to be spoken by David Watson, inclined to put profanation to cursing the court, and in the highest degree because he has a rich father-in-law, is a rather heavy joke on the young man." We should take it to be a much heavier joke on the old man.

—The dramatic season that far has been fantastically bad throughout the country. Out of forty-one travelling companies that started twenty-seven are reported already either stranded or broken up, and the remaining eight are not doing well.

MARCH 20, 1703. C.

The former judgment was affirmed on review.

S. TIFT, C. [illegible]

This expression, by old people in our courts, has created many in full by evil in meaning. It is merely a corruption of the old Norman word, "Oyez," "hear ye."

P

PAD THE HOOF.

A homely expression, to go on foot, and implying the being reduced to the necessity of doing so by want of means of going in any other way. Pad means originally a path, or foot path, so distinguished from the horse or carriage road.

PAINTING.

"And I now see how very similar painting from nature is over everything that our imagination, assisted by our memory, can conceive."—David Wilkie, Painter of the Age of 18

Coleridge said "painting was something between a mystery and a thing." We can scarcely recognize this idea with the clearness of Coleridge, but more than mere thought in the suggestive or perceptive creations of a painter's subject. Painting is the art or medium through which thoughts are conveyed by the imitation of things. And even here, were we to confine painting to that rule genius, which is of Heaven, not of earth, would be locked upon only as a secondary object. A writer on the arts says: "Paint is a language which all nations understand quickly and can do but little without former and exact knowledge of the forms of things. In their essence, cleared from all that is accidental or peculiar to chance, is, therefore, the great basis of conveying ideas clearly; and the power of representing things exactly as they are, constitutes the painter in the second rank, while that of restoring them to what they were at creation, constitutes the great painter in high art."

PALM SUNDAY.

On the day, March 30, its others discovered the planet Uranus.

Palm Sunday is denominated in the Missals, Dominica in Ramis Palmarum, or Palm Sunday; it is also called Flowery Sunday, from the distribution of palm branches and green boughs which were made on this day, in commemoration of our saviour riding to Jerusalem, when the people strewed their garments, churches, houses, etc. with evergreens, is still retained in many parts of Germany and France, and many parts of England.

"On the morrow much people that were come to the feast, when they heard that Jesus should come to Jerusalem, took branches of palm trees, and went forth to meet him, and cried, Hosanna: blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord, even the King of Israel."

PALM BRANCHES—ANCIENT CUSTOM OF WEARING.

The palm branch, or palm tree, was anciently used as an emblem of victory, being carried before the conqueror in processions, and also laid in his way to overthrown the enemy. It was also presented to the victor in the games of Greece, which is enclosed in its fruit, the leaves from round like casts in hair, and their extremities hang down towards the ground.

PANTALOONS.

Pantaloons, in the most extended sense, were known to the Greek and Roman stages, having been introduced on the latter by Pylades and Bathyllus, about the time of Augustus. It is probable that since to the present different modifications of this dress, many additions have taken place, and the fancy of people, according to their taste and caprice, has varied the costume of Harlequin, Pantaloon, Zany, Pierrot, and Scaramouch. Recently, however, a more agreeable change has taken place in the costume of burlesques, with elaborate scenery, etc., culminating in the pantomime, "Grand transformation scenes."

The first pantaloon, which was a grotesque character in England was of Jenny Lane, in the year 1702. It was composed by Mr Weaver, and called "The Tavern Bilkers." The pantaloon was performed by Jenny Lane, in 1710, also composed by Mr. Weaver, in imitation of Harlequin's pantomime, and called "The Loves of Mars and Venus."

In 1717, the first harlequinade, composed by Mr. Rich, was performed at the theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields, called "Harlequin Executed." The performer, who acted under the name of Lun, was the first pantaloon, who, in imitation of the Italian stage, introduced and for his skill as a harlequin, that they became established in the public favor. He flourished for a short time, and all his predecessors were discarded.

PANTALOON.

The opinion of Montesquieu is usually taken when other writers have failed to give the origin of a word. He says: "Original sin is a term which we have often heard, but which has been very little understood by the generality of people, and which, consequently, has given rise to many impious sentiments. Pelagius was accused of having first introduced this opinion, which is as ancient as the Scripture itself."

PANORAMA.

A panorama is a picture in which all the objects of nature that are visible from a single point are represented on the interior surface of a cylindrical canvas, the spectator being in the axis of the cylinder. Which painting of this kind is well executed its truth is such as to produce a complete illusion. Panorama produces a far greater degree of optical illusion than the ordinary painting, arising from the circumstance employed in exhibiting the former, which is viewed through a large opening, partly by reflected and partly by transmitted light, and rays and shade are produced by colored glasses.

PANORAMA OF SUBJECT IN ITALY.

The French occasion of ruling potentate on Sunday Venice, on the 18th of February, in the presence of a brilliant audience, which was crowded by the looking forward to the events which were to follow. The Emperor and Empress arrived at the theatre, and were received with a flourish of trumpets, by a number of people, and a ring is put into a box on account of the Emperor and Empress. The Empress is accompanied by a number of foreigners in the first of the suites.

PAPA.

Stephen Pasquier, in his "Recherches de la France," observes that the word Pa Pa Le Papa is the construction of patet pastri, in the sense of the originally applied to the father, and it is still in most ancient colonies. Others say it was originally derived from pater patriarchalorum, chief of the patriarchs.

THE FIRST INVENTION OF PAPER.

It is said that the first invention of reed in the manner, called papyrus nihilum, of a stringy flamentous substance. From this the great Egyptian Philadelphus, first introduced the art of making a kind of paper, by soaking them in a certain kind of gummer water, then drying them in the sun. Hence the name of paper, which was also, were called Papyri, from the reed of which they were made, and from the famous library of Philadelphus was called Papyrian.

PARLIAMENT.

This word is of French origin, and is derived from the word parliament, which signifies discussion, conferring or conversing with, and is likewise derived from parler to speak, to speak one's mind, because in conferences every one should speak his mind freely.

PARADISE—ETYMOLOGY OF THE WORD.

Paradise is a Persian word, and means a garden, or orchard, but from the delicious pleasantness of such a place it is metaphorically used to signify an invisible place of happiness.

PARADISE AND INDULGENCES.

Pardons and indulgences were first given the Pope to individuals for the remission of all sins, past, present and future, but were often conferred about by persons styled pardoners, who sold them to any one set bidder. A long list of indulgences, or fees of the Pope, is to be found in a book, printed one hundred and twenty years ago by the authority of the Pope. It has since been translated into English under the title of "Taxa Camerae Apostolicae Sacra Rotae." From which some extracts are given in this volume. It seems that the price of a pardon for killing a father, a wife, or sister, was ten shillings and sixpence!

PARLOR IN VIENNA.—In Vienna, well known for its costly establishments, people have a fashion of giving away dolls to their friends on the first day of May, the object in view is that of presenting a gift to a young one at a time when she is far removed from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot, is a kind of talisman of her height and build. The doll is simply a pretext to measure the child, and the doll is dressed from top to toe, ear-rings and finger-rings are provided, and watch and chain are not forgotten. If the person whose size the doll is to represent be a child, he provides a trousseau for the doll—changes of dress, petticoats, stockings, etc. The Viennese is a worthy personage, one day in the year, and that is the first day of May, when he is dressed